World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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Until then . . .

The firework display scheduled for November 5th will not take place . . . by Order. Nor will it return until Victory is won. But when it does . . . ! Many will feel a similar excitement on being able to buy and run without restrictions their first new Ford Car since 1940. For Ford marches on, and there certainly will be new and better Ford Cars as soon as possible.

Until then, the nation's transport must go on . . . *is* going on, thanks in a large measure to the foresight and skill of Ford Engineers and Designers, and to the Ford Dealers' Service Facilities which remain ready to meet the situation.

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Thinking Aloud . . .

by EDWARD HULTON

NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

PRODUCTION of armaments remains our chief task. It is still not good enough! The country is divided between those who imagine that we can amble along in our present petty pace towards victory and those (including my humble self) who believe that without a more effective conduct of the war we shall never win. On the face of it we are not yet doing our best. There are still some members of the Government who are obviously not the best men we can produce for the job, and who are merely there as representatives of the pre-war political parties, being in fact members of a species of League of Nations of Parties, instead of being the right men for the right job.

The voice of the Government is still too much that of a petulant governess. Women are entreated to enter the war factories. Evacuees gaily return to their homes. Citizens, such as myself, who carry their gas masks are looked at askance in the streets as eccentrics. In the City and Borough of Westminster, where I sleep, despite the threat of a big fine and imprisonment, sixty per cent of the citizen-burgesses failed even to register for fire watching. The sixty per cent were not sent to gaol but were entreated to try again. At the next registration confusion was worse confounded, and it was officially admitted that 'unskilled officials' had erroneously informed the people that they need not turn up in person. And so it goes on! Fines imposed on firms and on private persons for evading the food regulations are derisory.

The problem of production itself falls into two parts. First, co-ordination is still not established, and we remain without a Minister of Economics. Secondly, the use of man-power remains a burning and an open question. Mr. Churchill pointed out in debate that we required a first-class army to defend these shores from a super invasion blitz, which he rightly reminded us is extremely likely during the winter or—more likely still—in the coming spring. Most of us are agreed upon this. But is not the principal task to manufacture the machines of war, and does this not mean that the right place to put men is in the factories? Indeed, the first necessity is to make planes and tanks for Russia, as Miss Megan Lloyd George said in an able speech.

It is obvious that technicians are wanted in the Army. But I still think that the war factories should have the first choice. Cannot more men who are already in the Army be trained as technicians? At present many who were doing technical work are now reduced to polishing brasses. The views of Sir Walter Citrine and the T.U.C., who put factories first, are surely worth listening to, though some shop stewards, like Mr. Bevin himself, appear to belong to the Army school.

THE DUTY TO CRITICISE

THOUGH there are some self-interested persons, congenital grumblers, and unconstructive minds amongst the critics

Sir Walter Citrine—critical Quisling?

in the Press and elsewhere, the growing impatience of the Government towards critics is a profoundly disturbing sign. It argues either the frayed nerves of exhaustion or downright Fascist-mindedness. Mr. Bevin should not have described Sir Walter Citrine as a Quisling. He should certainly have apologised at once, pleading in mitigation temporary exhaustion of patience owing to heavy work. He certainly has a very difficult and complicated job, compared with which Mr. Herbert Morrison's work of Civil Defence is one of plain and straightforward administration, hindered only by the 'kleine Staaterei' of the local authorities, who anyhow are loved by nobody, and could easily be sent about their business.

BEAVERBROOK'S TRIUMPHS

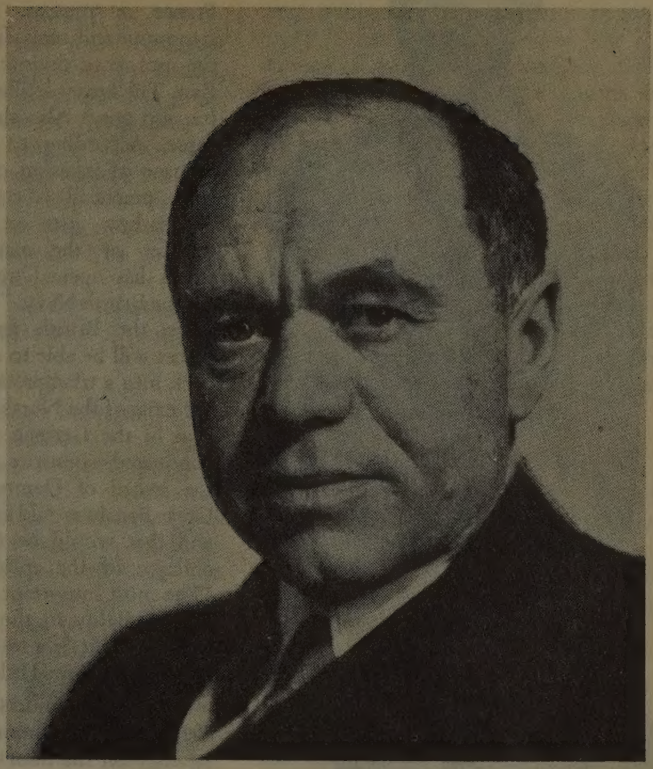
I REFUSE to plead guilty to carping criticism. I believe, in common with almost the whole of the country, that Mr. Winston Churchill is the only possible Prime Minister. Without his fighting spirit, after all the *sine qua non* of war, we should long since have been down the drain. Lord Beaverbrook has repeated his air triumph with the tanks, and has used his brilliant methods of hustle in conference both in America and in Russia. When members of the administration ask, 'My dear fellow, how could we do more than we are doing?' we can point to this man. His are the only methods which will bring victory.

Incidentally it is everywhere assumed that our productive capacity is limited by the size of our labour force. Would it be impossible to get more workers from America and/or from other countries of the world?

It is scarcely necessary to refer again to the farce of empty coal scuttles in a land which nature has at least blessed with a vast store of black diamonds. This situation alone proves that our organisation has been lacking in elementary foresight.

I.O.M.

A DRAMATIC illustration of our feebleness was suddenly vouchsafed by the riots amongst British Fascists in the Isle of Man. There has been a lot of nonsense written about the wine and other comforts enjoyed by these persons. After all, it has not been possible to convict them, or even bring them to trial. They are merely detained, and are thus entitled to reasonable treatment. However, it should have been explained to them in no uncertain terms that the moment they indulged in any funny business they would automatically commit a serious offence, and on conviction for this would be given a long term of penal servitude, with 'the cat' where necessary. This would have checked any



Lord Beaverbrook—thrice triumphant

undue friskiness, and also removed the necessity of wasting large numbers of men to guard them, including 200 badly needed constables from the Metropolitan Police.

HOPE

THE eyes of progressives rest on Sir Stafford Cripps. This brilliant lawyer is improving daily as he gains experience as a practical politician and up-to-date diplomatist, as is freely admitted by all shades of political thought. Ruthlessly honest and honourable, he has got the fire in his belly without which the governance of a great country is impossible. He is an obvious future Prime Minister.

HELP FOR RUSSIA

THERE is an article by Yermashov in the Soviet Press which I have not seen quoted anywhere. Yermashov states that two American military correspondents believed that last June the German army numbered 260 active divisions, not including reserve units. For the attack on the Soviets Hitler concentrated 170 divisions, one-third of these being mechanised and motorised. In order to make losses 'good' all the German reserves had to be transferred to the Eastern Front. At least 200 German divisions are concentrated in the East. The German Command has hardly more than 25 to 30 divisions at its disposal in

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Sir Stafford Cripps—future P.M.

France at present. All the German armoured and tank divisions, as well as the motorised divisions, are now in the East. The heavy artillery from the coasts has also gone. Also almost the entire air force. According to this writer, 'The menace of invasion over Great Britain has practically ceased to exist'. Yermashov goes on to say that the transfer of the main German naval forces has opened up new possibilities for the British Navy. 'The time is coming when the British naval air and land forces will be able to drive Hitler's navy back into a triangle, and cut it off from the exits of the North Sea.' The destruction of the German naval bases in the conquered countries would mean that the sword of Damocles hanging over Great Britain would fall on Hitler's head, and that would be tantamount to the collapse of the entire German navy. 'The most important thing at present, as Hanson Baldwyn, the American military expert puts it, is a total effort and quick action on all anti-Hitler fronts.'

It is very understandable that the Prime Minister cannot reveal our war strategy on the floor of the House. But I cannot help sharing Mr. Aneurin Bevan's surprise that the Cabinet should have informed the German Government that they would definitely not be attacked in the West. I am assured by a member of the Government that we have sent positively all possible support to the Russians, and have even anticipated their wants, making preparations for this purpose before the German attack began. No doubt this is true. If it is the Government should let our people know more about it. It is also doubtless true that the Soviet administration is a very silent service and is not always over specific even in its lists of 'things wanted'.

E.P.T. AGAIN

A PLAN for increased war production, which has been approved by leading engineers, has been prepared by the Engineering Industries Association. It demonstrates the inequity of two businesses giving the same output, but dealt with on totally different lines for the purpose of taxation. One most favourably, because it happened to possess a high profit standard; the other being subject to every possible injustice and hardship because it had no profit standard.

JUDGMENT

IT was tough though interesting work reading the many entries for our Peace Aims Competition, and attempting to judge them. The entries were overwhelmingly concerned with erecting a façade which is supposed to shield us from another outbreak of war. The majority of runners took refuge in a world parliament; but only a minority informed us how it would be elected. A number wanted a European federation, others a permanent alliance of Britain, U.S.A., U.S.S.R., and China to impose peace on the rest of the world. Surprisingly few were content with British-U.S. union. A lot of writers succumbed to wishful thinking that there would be no more war, and contented themselves with pretentious phraseology anent world assemblies and world parliaments. They did not attempt to get at the causes of war. One competitor divided the world into groups of nations. Eire was to be joined to Great Britain, and Australia to Japan! Unfortunately, most of them still placed reliance on total disarmament. One reader wanted 'no reparations, but an international gold and silver trust, which would be severe on Germany, Italy, and Japan, which countries possess but small stocks of gold, and thus inflict punishment where punishment is due!' Another desired 'the retention of National Government, with the King having individual powers of discretion, party bias to be introduced only where in the public interest'. A good many declared that no section of society must be permitted to exploit another, but failed to say how this was to be prevented.

I decided to try to place myself in the position of a statesman actually attempting to draw up a peace settlement at the conclusion of the war, and to give prizes to the suggestions which seemed on the whole the most practical.

BRITAIN MUST LEAD

I AM personally becoming more and more persuaded that Britain will have to take the lead in Europe after victory. Here I am at odds with old-fashioned left-wingers still subconsciously reacting from Kiplingite Imperialism, who conceive that Britain's duty is eternally to recede, until presumably she ends by granting Dominion Status to the Isle of Wight. But there is as much difference between liberal leadership by a powerful nation and imperialistic domination as there is between the leadership of a great democratic statesman over his fellow-citizens and Fascist despotism over an enslaved population. The workers of the Continent desire liberty—even more they want security. Members even of the exiled Governments are coming round to this view. They would not be adverse to British air and naval bases all over the Continent. Men from the small countries insist that they must retain their 'sovereignty'. These countries would certainly retain infinitely more real independence if shielded from any future Fascist menace. And we can perhaps leave them with the title of 'sovereign'.

President Roosevelt knows a thing or two about not attacking words and labels which people hold dear. After all, legally speaking, sovereignty resides in the State of New York, and in the State of Idaho, and in the State of Tasmania, and not in the federations. It may be that after the war the United States will concern themselves actively less with Europe than with the Atlantic, the two American continents, and the Pacific. If Russia triumphs, her influence will naturally be immense. She could have her own sphere of leadership. A virtue of the leadership principle would be that a Swede, say, or a Belgian, or a Swiss, could rise to a high position in the British Air Force (or Western European Federal Air Force—whatever we liked to call it) and also in the Federal Commission to rule Colonial territories. This policing looks like hard work ahead for us. But, to put it at the lowest, it will not be so hard as another war.

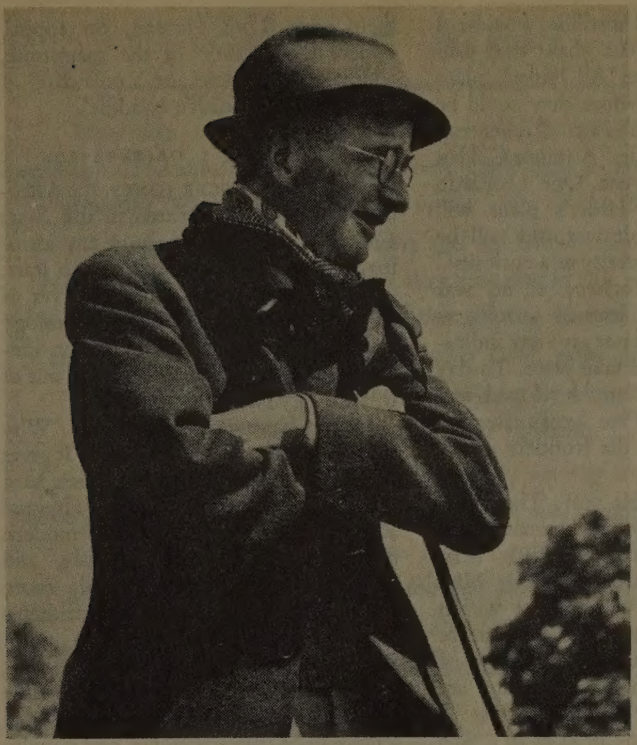
DIGGING AFTER VICTORY

WHEN I saw Mr. Robert Hudson the other day he was full of plans to keep agriculture on the map when war is over. He is certainly a most hard working and efficient Minister, and is deeply devoted to the cause of the land, and anxious that post-war planning shall really come to pass. The farmers will have a better chance this time because people are beginning to understand the importance of proper feeding. All groups of progressives, such as the 1941 Committee, make it one of their cardinal points that a sufficient diet must be guaranteed to every citizen, apart altogether from humanitarian considerations. It is not only soldiers who march on their stomachs. Scientists have in very recent years discovered that people must have, not just cheap food from anywhere, as the old Utilitarian Radicals used to demand, but quantities of fresh vegetables and fresh fruit. These can only be grown in the homeland. The land, however, is itself a living thing, and cannot and will not produce vegetables and fruit alone, but must have its proper rotation of crops. Thus if the people are to get their vegetables they must be prepared to pay for this rotation, which includes the growing of arable crops.

I recently went to see Sir George Stapledon, who was hard at work on his Government experimental farm near Stratford-on-Avon. He lamented our hundred years' neglect of the agricultural community. The farmer reads of housing schemes in urban areas but sees very few new dwellings erected in his village. Many of the best cottages indeed are converted into 'Tudor' residences by business men from the towns, or romantic ladies from the stage or screen. His land carries the new electric pylons, but he cannot, unlike his Canadian or foreign confrères, tap the current. It's a wonder he doesn't pull them down! Water also flows through his farm from the reservoir to the great city; but he has no water supply for his beasts, and for the same reason very often cannot make butter. Sir George agreed that we are perhaps at the end of an unhappy transition period. The old landowners have long been heavily taxed. Business men were not interested in the land. To-day investors and advertising agents are beginning to sit up and take notice.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

WE want manpower. Meanwhile a number of men still seem to be employed full time on astrological prognostications. Newspapers rightly lament the acute shortage of paper. Meantime



Sir George Stapledon—voice from the wilderness

they continue to devote considerable space to the predictions of these learned gentlemen. Believe it or not, *The Star*, which I had always revered as a leading organ of progress, has, under its reorganisation, actually found space for an astrologer it did not possess before. The article introducing this new enlightenment for the people was one of the most nauseating it has ever been my lot to read. Quotations were used in the most grotesque and fantastic jumble in a desperate and feverish endeavour to justify this new public service. The Bible was not spared. Of course Shakespeare was dragged in. The progressive journal, however, forebore to quote from the Swan of Avon, 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.' After writing this I discovered that Hannen Swaffer in *World's Press News* had attacked this sordid article, and that the same omitted quotation from the Bard had occurred to him.

'THERE WILL BE NO WAR'

ACTUALLY the 'Astrologers' Conference' at Harrogate at Easter 1939 announced that there was no indication of a general war within the future year! At Easter 1940 the astrologers declared that there would be a surprising end of the war within a year. There would, moreover,

be no blitzkrieg, and hostilities would not become more violent than they had been up to that date. All Hitler's plans would be defeated before they could be put into operation. Herr Ribbentrop would commit suicide. 'A minor Golden Age' would supervene. One Leonardo Blake prophesied, 'Hitler's plans will remain shut in his drawer and will be handed down to posterity as a curiosity.' Explaining their prophecy of no war made in 1939, the learned astrologers stated, 'The stars did not give any indication that war would take place. To-day widespread war has not developed, and it will not do so.' Five weeks later the Reichswehr crossed the frontiers of the Low Countries.

Came April of this year. The astrologers once more found themselves in conference assembled. Star-turn Mrs. Dorothy Ryan announced, 'The Nazi and Fascist régimes will collapse within three months of June 21st. Final peace will be signed in mid-1942. Changes of leadership in Germany and Italy are imminent!'

Following the publication of an article in *Picture Post* exposing the astrologers, *Psychic News* had, 'If the predictions were right they would give information to the enemy and would be banned under Section 2D'. Not long ago a summons was issued against R. H. Naylor and the editor of the *Sunday Express*. The magistrate held that the statements made were of such a vague and general character that there was nothing that could clearly be said to amount to the telling, or pretending, or professing to tell any person's future so as to come within the terms of the Vagrancy Act. He dismissed the summons but refused to give the defendants their costs. Lord Hewart, on appeal, upheld the decision of the magistrate, adding, 'The articles are a collection of imbecile and repulsive twaddle'.

ASTRONOMER'S OBSERVATION

DOCTOR H. SPENCER JONES, the Astronomer Royal, has written in the *News Chronicle:* 'I do not know of any astrologer who is an observer of the stars; nor do I know any serious observer of the stars who is an astrologer. Astrology is rubbish, but because of human credulity, and the profit to be made out of it, astrology continues to flourish.'

People have written to me, 'Why can't you leave us our astrology? It gives us something to think about in these hard times'. This is a reflection of the abysmal and soul-destroying dullness of modern civilisation. Women consciously, and men subconsciously, demand more colour and more glamour. Governments and democratic leaders please note! Astrology, however, is not the right kind of glamour or escape. It is a horrible thought that to-day, when there is real science to be comprehended, and popular expositions of science which can be studied, there are so many people who will take quite a lot of trouble to study a science which is wholly bogus. It is not the function of the Press to encourage this folly. Astrology is a part of the old wives' tales which for centuries have impeded progress and happiness. If people turn their faces from truth to the old wives' tale of astrology they will just as likely turn to the old wives' tale of Nazism, with all its nonsense of 'blood and soil' and 'German science'. Seriously I think it is the duty of true progressives to stamp on these frauds. *Ecrasons l'infâme!*

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Peace Aims

More than a thousand of our readers entered for our Peace Aims Competition. The standard was on the whole high, only a few absurdities being submitted. Readers seemed aware of the evils of the Old World. Unfortunately, too many were still too Utopian about the New World. It was a comfort that very few people still imagined that we were merely fighting Germany, and that the Germans constitute a peculiar and specially damned race. On the other hand, many people did not seem to realise sufficiently the necessity for an adequate armed force at the command of the righteous.

Most essays wanted federation (though of varying countries), world economic co-operation, 'the rights of man', and a minimum economic standard for the workers. Not all appreciated the post-war value of propaganda. I felt that the lack of reference to a supreme spiritual goal was disappointing.

There was not really much difference between the best six. However, the first is concise, fairly free from platitudinous verbiage and, above all, reasonably practical

EDWARD HULTON

The winner of the first prize of £50 is Mr. Arthur Turner, M.A., a twenty-three-year-old student of Queen's College, Oxford. Here is his contribution:

FOUR POINTS TO SAVE CIVILISATION

The Churchill-Roosevelt Declaration—issued since this competition was announced—is a very interesting document, and a very remarkable one to have been agreed upon by the heads of two states, one at war and the other nominally still neutral. Yet it would be an infinite pity if it were to be regarded as the last word concerning Allied war aims, and a stopper on all discussion of that subject. For though the 'Atlantic Charter' is remarkably progressive considering the conditions under which it was drafted, it is also old-fashioned in some of its phraseology and ideas; and it does not go nearly far enough towards outlining the conditions necessary if civilisation is to be saved.

For instance, there is nothing in it (apart from a vague reference to 'freedom from fear', at the end of Clause 6) about the necessity of banishing torture, prison camps and secret police. These methods of barbarism, systematically used as instruments of state policy, have abolished personal security over enormous areas of the globe. They constitute an intolerable retrogression in social conditions.

Again, Clause 3 states that 'the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live' is to be respected. This clause demands serious modification, or our victorious peace when achieved will not last long. Does it include the right of the German people to select Hitler, or another such dangerous maniac, as ruler if they so desire?

Clause 3 also speaks of the restoration of 'sovereign

rights'—but if there is one thing on which political commentators in democratic countries are agreed, it is that the day of the sovereign nation-state is past, and that the only hope for the future lies in the pooling of some aspects of sovereignty.

Clause 6 reads 'Such a peace should enable all men to traverse the High Seas and Oceans without hindrance.' But why stop there? Surely any peace worth the having will enable a lawful man to traverse freely at will not only the seas, but the land as well.

On the other hand, some things in the Declaration are excellent, and in particular Clause 8 (an enforced one-sided disarmament for the defeated totalitarian powers) is thoroughly realistic.

So much for the 'Atlantic Charter'. Now to set down the essential framework of a lasting world peace. In broad outline, it can be done quite simply. Nor need there be anything startlingly original about the proposals.

They may be summarised under four heads:

1. Our primary objective in this war should be to secure for all men everywhere certain minimum human rights—freedom of person from illegal and quasi-legal violence, freedom of speech and discussion, freedom of worship. The Sankey Declaration of Human Rights, drafted by a most distinguished committee after long public discussion, is an altogether admirable statement of these minimum rights, the denial of which in so many countries has turned the world from a sunny into a dark place in a few decades. The acceptance by any country as part of its public law of some such declaration as that of the Sankey Committee (and its putting it into practice) should be our criterion of whether a country is on the side of civilisation or barbarism. Nor should statesmen pretend after the war that the 'internal affairs' of one country are no business of other countries. In the modern world which science has created we are all, in a very real sense, members of one body.

2. To end the perpetual menace and the haphazard destruction of aerial warfare, the creation of one World Aerial Control is essential. This world board should control civil aircraft, and itself should possess the only military aircraft in the world. It would also be desirable for the board to control the supply of petroleum, and other associated services which are essential for flying purposes. Surely no one who has ever been in a serious air raid can deny the necessity of this step. If it is not achieved the material fabric of our civilisation will disintegrate; and no person on earth will ever feel really secure again.

The above two points are fundamental; the remaining two are rather desirable pieces of machinery.

3. There should be an International Economic Control to deal with the distribution of raw materials, labour conditions in various countries, and all the rest of the complex economic problems that will face the post-war world. Unemployment and the frustration caused by the stalling of the economic machine were an important cause of the present war. Steps must be taken to deal with these problems, and secure the workers everywhere against want. The Economic Control would also deal with currency problems, and make money again a reliable measure and store of value, instead of the treacherous thing it has become.

4. There must be, as the hub of these other agencies, an organ of international government, to deal with those affairs that are literally world affairs. It must have more power than the old League of Nations ever had. Its task will be to enforce law and order on the world; and it should, preferably, be a federal body representing the peoples and elected by the only just electoral system, proportional representation. This international authority would, of course, at first be limited to Allied powers, but would aim at becoming universal. We can perhaps see the beginnings of such a new authority in the Inter-Allied Conferences that have been held in London.

The adoption of these four points briefly outlined above (and all that they imply!) *is, in my view, essential if after the present war we are to establish a stable peace, and have a chance to build a world of ordered progress in which life is secure, and free, and gay.*

Of the five prizes of £10 each, the first goes to Mr. Thomas Charles Copeman Hart, who is thirty-one years old and works in printing and publishing. His address is 'Lasswade', Forrest Road, Penarth, Glam. His 'Statement by the Allied Governments of their aims for the creation of a just and permanent order after the defeat of the Axis Powers' emphasises that:

The Allies intend no acts of revenge or retribution against the German people beyond the defeat of their military forces and the complete destruction of the Nazi Party and related organisations. When this has been achieved the German people will be assisted in the establishment of a democratic government and in the political, social and economic reconstruction of their country.

The Allies recognise the right of all peoples to choose their own form of government, provided it is consistent with international peace and justice. In this connection they point out that the German people have been trained to support a form of government which is completely inconsistent with international peace and justice and that therefore the re-formation of their

institutions as of their political attitude is a precondition for their enjoyment of this right.

The second of the £10 prizes has been won by Peter Hariolf Plesch, a twenty-three-year-old research chemist, of 30 Queens Road, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent. He details the principles of 'supernational reorganisation' and has interesting proposals for the solution of economic problems:

1. *In all States the necessities of life are to be provided free to all by the State. The standard of necessities will, of course, vary from State to State and is to be fixed by the Union Government. It must include everywhere—Housing, Food, Clothes, Water, Fuel, Medical examination and treatment, Education. The standard should be as high as possible. It is, however, only a minimum, and may, of course, be supplemented by those who can afford it. The free necessities to be paid for by a high ncome tax. On the other hand, this must not be so high as to thwart private enterprise.*

2. *Completely free trade between the States of one Union, and between the Unions as far as possible.*

3. *The Union Government to be a principal shareholder of all big business within the Union, so that it not only controls it to a certain extent, but also profits by good business.*

The third £10 prize has been awarded to Alfred Cobban, a university lecturer, of forty, at Sundorne, Penglais, Aberystwyth, who declares for a 'World Parliament':

in which all states accepting the Declarations of Rights and Security may be represented. Any organised group shall have the right of petitioning this Parliament for the redress of grievances. All petitions shall be submitted to examination by experts and to open discussion. The World Parliament shall proceed by conciliation and arbitration. It shall be incumbent on all states to accept its decisions passed with due form of law. A recalcitrant state shall be penalised by appropriate sanctions.

If any dispute threatens to disturb the peace of the world, it shall be referred to the section of the Federal Council responsible for maintaining the peace in the area concerned.

There shall be an International Health Council, *and such other similar bodies as are required for humane objects of universal interest. These Councils shall report annually to the World Parliament, which shall take steps to give effect to their recommendations.*

The fourth prize of £10 goes to Mr. A. M. Lacey, a twenty-nine-year-old chartered surveyor of 35 Southway, Totteridge, N.20; while the fifth prize-winner of £10 is Miss Olive Frances Pollard, a school teacher, of 54 Derngate, Northampton.

The twelve consolation prizes of a year's subscription to *World Review* have been awarded to:

1. Robert J. Scrutton, of 1 Esmond Court, Kensington Square, W.8.

2. Dr. Eugene Robert, of 50 Sloane Street, S.W.1.

3. Lance-Corporal Philip Sidney Bagwell and Signalman J. W. L. Forge, of the Royal Corps of Signals, Green Gables, Cavendish Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

4. Dr. Max Ermers, Redcourt, Stanhope Road, Croydon.

5. Samuel S. Spalding, Gould Farm, Great Barrington, Mass, U.S.A.

6. John E. Yerbury, 56 Swan Court, Manor Street, S.W.3.

7. David W. Clarke, Chevington Lodge, Kimberley Road, Little Wakering, near Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

8. Kurt W. Rotschild, 34 Kelvinside Gardens, Glasgow, N.W.

9. Gerd Treuhaft, 69 Coy P.C., Darlington, Durham.

10. Mrs. Dorothy Harding, Crimble Cottage, Luscombe Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

11. H. W. Lascelles, Beechwood, Cavendish Road, Bowden, Cheshire.

12. Dr. K. F. Gottstein, 21 Inverness Terrace, London, W.2.

We thank all our readers for their contributions and regret that we cannot enter into any correspondence about their entries, whether they have won a prize or not.

Jan Masaryk, the Czech Foreign Secretary

The struggle of the Czechs

by H. R. MADOL

BENES, Sramek, Masaryk—these are not only the names of the leading Czech Statesmen of to-day; they represent the whole of Czechoslovakia's modern history. Jan Masaryk—doubtless the most popular of the Allied after-dinner speakers—might, of course, object and say: 'But, I am only my father's son! And that is why I am in office. Otherwise there is not much to be said about me!'

We know better; and the Foreign Minister himself feels what a great thing it is to represent a people like the Czechs—and (others will agree) . . . represent them well. He spoke to me about their magnificent struggle: 'There are many things about which we cannot speak to-day! But one fact is certain: the spirit of my father's and young Mr. Benes's fight for freedom is still alive in our country. There are no Quislings amongst our people. Everybody regards himself as a "fighting unit" in the Allied struggle, and one day they will be able to continue the fight openly and in full unity.'

The death-sentence passed upon General Elias, the Czech puppet Premier, and the new wave of terror which Heydrich, as Baron Neurath's successor, has let loose on the 'Protectorate', are only outward signs of the helplessness of the invader. The Nazis have so far failed to gain the slightest foothold in Czechoslovakia, though they have been in occupation now for almost three years. They have used all their well-known weapons: ruthless oppression, encouragement of political factions, incessant propaganda. They have made no progress. Each time they kill a score of Czech patriots, a hundred take their places.

Monsignore Sramek told me with a smile how two years ago he had started his adventurous escape from the Gestapo, hidden in the guard's van of a freight train at Moravska Ostrava. Monsignore Sramek is over seventy, his hair is grey, but his eyes have still the fire of a great fighter. Since his earliest youth he has worked and striven for Czech freedom.

'Of course it wasn't I,' he explained, 'who left illegally. It was Hitler who entered illegally. For many years, amongst other ministerial offices, I held that of Minister of Transport. I would have never dreamed, however, that one day I would travel in such a "special train"!' Mgr. Sramek most emphatically denied that there had been any connection between the London Government and General Elias, the executed puppet Premier.

Ever since he left his country President Benes has preferred a dignified silence instead of any attempt of self-justification or accusation . . . Although I understand he has been offered considerable financial inducement by British and American publishers, and although he had left Czechoslovakia without any financial resources, he did not wish to make money by describing his country's tragedy. But he turned out to be the only European statesman of 1938 who was right in his judgments. Events have amply proved it.

I found him reluctant to comment on General Elias. Although he maintained no contact with him, he believes that Czechs at home think exactly as Czechs abroad—whether they listen to the London broadcasts of their free countrymen or not. There were no traitors in Prague, and the Germans would find it more and more difficult to maintain their domination over an unwilling Europe.

The President was as optimistic as the Prime Minister with regard to the duration of the war. He was convinced it would not last till next winter. Attacks from two fronts would, at that time, add to the unrest amongst all the enslaved people. Hitler's dream, the gangster's adventure, would then come to an end.

Mgr. Sramek, expressing similar views to me, concluded by saying:

'I have never been in an airplane before. But next year I shall fly home!'

Matter, Form Evolution and Us

by Dr. JOSEPH NEEDHAM, F.R.S.

(Sir Wm. Dunn, Reader in Biochemistry, University of Cambridge—Author of 'Chemical Embryology', 'Order and Life', etc.)

The previous articles in this series have discussed the revolutions that are taking place in science, in art, and in other departments of life. Here modern science looks at living matter and its origins, and how we ourselves come into the picture

ONE of the least generally recognised revolutions in our thought is that which concerns Matter and Form, and hence everything to do with Life. As in many other things, ideas of Western civilised man derive here from the Greeks, especially Aristotle (fourth century B.C.), who tended to look at everything in terms of their greatest national art: Sculpture. From this point of view there was on the one hand *matter:* chaotic, homogeneous, the same all through, like marble or cheese; and on the other hand there was *form:* the form, for example, of a beautiful man or woman, existing as it were beforehand in the mind of the sculptor, and to be impressed upon the brute matter by him with much toil and creative labour. Form was thus felt to be much more important than matter, and even all change was thought of as the taking away from matter of one set of forms and the imposition on it of another. True, forms did not seem to be capable of existing without matter, except, it was supposed, in the case of the Gods themselves.

The preoccupation of the Greeks with form was, of course, a very beneficial thing for biology. The Greek vase-

1. SCULPTURE
The typical Greek art; Orestes and Electra

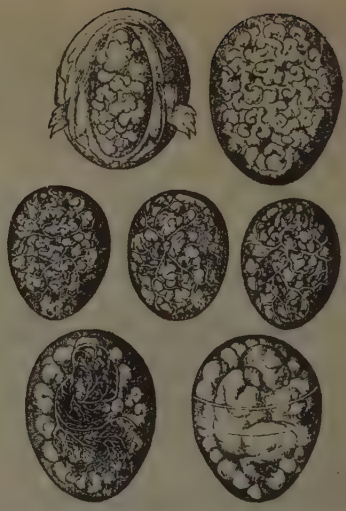
painters were accustomed, from an early date, to drawing all sorts of fishes and other beasts with exquisite accuracy. The great audacity of Aristotle lay in the belief that if one set about it the right way, the infinite muddle of animals and plants could be reduced to some sort of order. The first classifiers were indeed courageous men.

The old ideas of form and matter ruled human thought long after the Greeks

2. BAKED CLAY PLATE *showing four sea-fish and two shells, made by a Greek craftsman in the 4th century B.C.*

had gone, and long after the end of the Roman Empire, right through the Middle Ages. They can still be found in our own thought, if we look carefully for them. They gave rise to such mediæval Church doctrines as that of transubstantiation. And they are exemplified in the ancient notion of how the embryo is formed in animal development. Aristotle thought that it was like a statue being made, the matter of it being represented by blood, and the shaping influence by the seed. I looked through many a mediæval manuscript to find a picture of this, but eventually I found it in a *Woman's Book* of Jacob Rueff, written in 1554. The whole process is entirely imaginary, but it is amusing to see how starting from a radiating system of blood-vessels from the heart (like a chick embryo's circulation) he reaches an outline of the child, sitting like a cherub in clouds. It was our own English anatomist, the great William Harvey, who exploded these notions, by opening the wombs of animals killed in the chase, and finding nothing inside. Nothing, that is, that he could see; for he had no microscope in 1640 to show him the minute egg, embedded in the wall of the womb, and destined to grow and differentiate into the future animal.

What is wrong, then, with the old idea of matter? Why can we not think of the matter of which living things are



3. *The mediæval idea of how the human embryo is formed; illustrations from Jacob Rueff's midwives' book, of 1554*

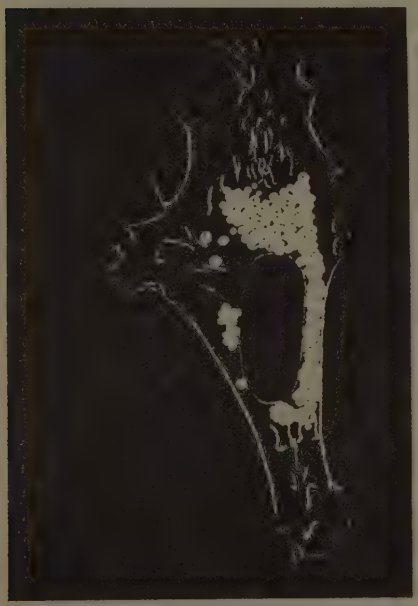
composed—your arm, for instance, as you read this article—as simple, like marble or cheese? Because it is unbelievably complicated. It is wheels within wheels, envelopes within envelopes, a fantastic box of tricks. The living body is 'composed of' myriads and myriads of ultimate particles, electrons, and protons, indeed; but they are *arranged* and *organised* in an order far exceeding that of the simple matter of a statue, or even of a complicated and beautiful crystal. And the point is that there is nowhere you can put your finger on and say 'Here Form ends and Matter begins'.

This wants elaborating a little more. At the upper coarser end are the forms we know so familiarly, the different shapes of animals and plants, and just below this level, the different shapes of the organs into which we may dissect them, using no more than the powers of the unaided human eye. At the microscopic level we stand on the threshold of

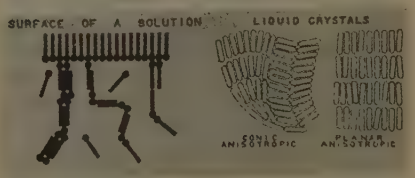
a new world—the first observers with microscopes, in the seventeenth century, certainly agreed with Sir Thomas Browne: 'We carry with us the wonders that we seek outside us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us'. The tissues and organs of the body are built of millions of living cells, cells, as we now know, with a considerable capacity for individual life separated from the whole. Digging further down, we find that each cell is built up of smaller entities, the form of which may be apparently unimportant (such as that of fat globules) or certainly very important (such as that of the chromosones in the cell-nucleus, which bear the keys of the inherited qualities).

And so at last we arrive at the molecular level. The level where we are face to face with the molecules themselves, built up of orderly patterns and arrangements of atoms, each atom a miniature solar system, with the protons and electrons circling like the heavenly bodies in their necessary orbits. This is an important transition, for several reasons.

In the first place only in comparatively recent years have we felt quite certain that the chemical molecules have shape. Up to about the end of the First World War it was open to some scientists to say, as they did, that our chemical 'formulæ' or molecular plans, were true only in our own imagination, and corresponded to nothing in nature. But when the study of 'monomolecular films' (i.e. films of substances so thin as to have only one layer of molecules) was pushed forward, by Hardy in England and Langmuir in America, it became certain that our formulæ *do* represent reality. Long hydrocarbon chains really are long; on a water surface the chain of a fatty acid does really stick up while its acidic group is 'dissolved' in the water below. Box-like molecules behave as such. And all this was greatly strengthened when other scientists applied X-rays to the problem (Laue, Ewald, the Braggs), and showed the actual existence of the patterns of atoms which had previously been deduced by purely chemical experiments.



4. A SINGLE LIVING CELL *in tissue culture, photographed by dark ground illumination; a mass of fat globules lies around the nucleus. The cell is slowly moving towards the top of the page*



5. (left) *Rows and chains of fatty acid molecules at the surface of a solution.* (right) *Regular arrangements of molecules in liquid crystals. If disturbed they will form up again in much the same way as before*

Form, therefore, is still with us. At the

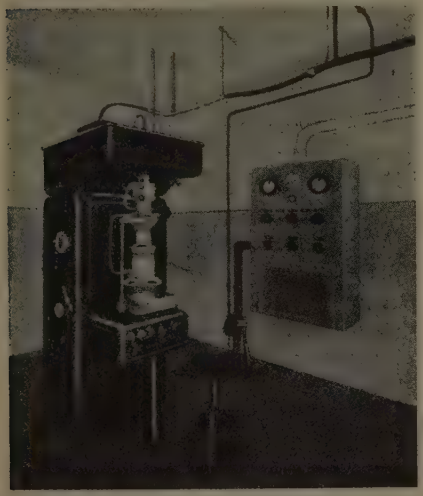
level of the atom, it becomes indistinguishable from order, from whatever the forces are that hold the spinning groups of ultimate particles together in their apparent solidity. And now that we are at the atomic level, we find, too, that modern physics has recognised that these ultimate particles are primarily electrical charges, and that mass is therefore a manifestation of energy. Of course, matter remains just as hard and material as it was when Dr. Johnson kicked a piece of it and remarked of Bishop Berkeley's views that 'they admit of no refutation, but carry no conviction'. But all the same, something *has* happened to matter. It was only separated from form in bygone days because it seemed so simple; now we realise—and this is a revolutionary change—that we cannot separate them. Form, or rather Organisation, as we might now call it, is present everywhere, at all levels, wherever we look, and the only other fundamental idea that we need is that of Energy. We can stop speaking of Form and Matter altogether if we begin thinking of Organisation and Energy.

Another reason why the transition between the level of the largest molecules we know and the smallest living particles we know, is so important, is that they actually *overlap*. Here again is a revolutionary discovery of the past twenty years. The largest known molecules are those of the proteins, some of which are several million times as heavy as the hydrogen atom, our fundamental unit of molecule weights. The proteins are the most important chemical structures out of which all living things are built up; they are essentially long chains or folded rings of carbon, nitrogen and oxygen atoms, like backbones, with side-chains of carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen like arms or ribs. Now during the last twenty years intensive study has been made of those infective agents responsible for many diseases of plants, animals and man, which are known as viruses. Tobacco-plant rot, foot-and-mouth disease in cattle, and measles in ourselves, are all due to these living particles, small enough to pass through all filters, far smaller than the smallest bacteria which we can see through the microscope. But the interesting thing is that these 'living' particles are so small that they are smaller than many of the larger 'dead' particles or molecules of isolated protein. Their constitution must therefore be very much simpler than what we have been accustomed to imagine is required by living organisms.

At this wonderful borderline it is as difficult to distinguish Life from Death as Form from Matter. When do we say that a thing is alive? Presumably when it breathes, when it moves by itself, and above all, when it reproduces its like. The virus particles do not move by themselves, but then most plants and bacteria do not; whether the virus particles respire is also doubtful, but many seeds and germs respire very little. At any rate the viruses are extremely efficient at reproducing themselves. Inoculate a plant with a very small quantity of a plant-virus, and before long you will be able to isolate large amounts of the virus, while in the meantime the plant has become diseased and perhaps wilted, probably because nutritive material which ought to have gone to build more plant, has gone into the virus instead.

Here, then, we have to deal with something living indeed, but so small that it is smaller than many chemical molecules. Between the living and the dead there is no sharp borderline. Until recently particles of viruses were so small as to be far beyond the reach of our vision, even with the microscope or the

ultramieroscope, but quite recently a new device, based on new principles and called the electron-microscope, has been brought into use, and by its aid it has been possible to take photographs of molecular particles and of the viruses themselves. The one on this page is well



6. THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE *of Ruska & Borries, in use to-day*

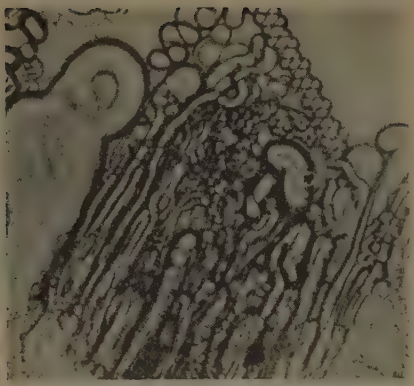
worth looking at. The particles seem to be rod-shaped. By making them 'transparent' with X-rays their regular internal structure is being elucidated.

Here there comes another surprise. If you talk to a biochemist about rod-shaped particles, he will be on the look-out for some odd goings-on. While particles like little balls clump together to form ordinary crystals, rod-shaped particles have a habit of clumping together to form 'liquid crystals'. At first sight, a liquid crystal is a contradiction in terms, for the sort of crystals that most people know about are those of sugar or washing-soda, semi-transparent, and solid, as hard as anything could be. But there are many chemical

7. *Particles of tobacco-mosaic-disease virus photographed by the electron microscope*

substances known which form regular arrangements not rigid in all three dimensions but rigid only in one or in two, the particles being arranged in various combinations of randomness and order. They may, for instance, slip over one another if squeezed; or their orientation may be upset by the passage of some foreign body between them, yet after it has gone through they form up behind it again like a squad of soldiers reforming after letting a lorry through their ranks. Sometimes a crystal, instead of melting directly to give a true liquid, when heated, will pass through a whole succession of intermediate forms, getting less and less strictly oriented as the temperature increases, until at last a true liquid is reached, where the molecules are all flying about at random like the crowd at Paddington Station when you look down on it from an office window high up near the roof. To continue the analogy, the crowd is rather like a liquid crystal in that it is free to move up and down along the platforms, but only within those limits, so that it has a certain structure. To imitate the true rigid crystal, it would have to stop dead, each person at a definite distance from the nearest other persons.

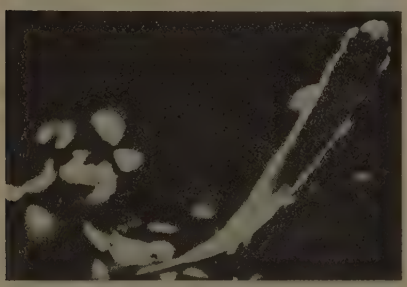
The viruses seem to be particularly



8. LIQUID CRYSTALLINE LECITHIN, *a fatty material present in all living cells*

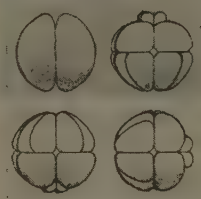
prone to form liquid crystals. Looked at through certain optical apparatus, liquid crystals, when made to flow, show a bright flash of light. Some biochemists working on plant viruses made the amusing experiment of putting a goldfish in a virus solution, and letting it swim about under this apparatus. Wherever it went its tail was followed by the bright flashes of light caused by the liquid crystalline virus being temporarily disarranged. Some viruses may also form true solid crystals.

What holds good for the viruses also holds good for many of the proteins and



9. *A goldfish swimming in a dilute solution of tobacco-mosaic-disease virus; where the liquid is undisturbed no light comes through the polarising microscope, but in the wake of the goldfish the solution is brilliantly illuminated*

other substances which form the chemical basis of animals and plants. We know that these fibre-molecules and liquid crystal states occur in the living cells of the body, and a great deal of work is now being directed to analysing them. They help us to understand a little of the extraordinary qualities of symmetry and polarity which animal and plant forms possess. How, for instance, does an egg know which of its end is which; which end is to be the front of the future animal and which end the back? If a transparent egg of a sea-urchin, for example, is centrifuged, i.e. subjected to a very strong force like that which carries a tin can round at the end of a string when a boy swings it, the contents of the egg are largely stratified, different sorts of fat, granules, etc., coming together in layers. Yet the further development is not in the least affected.



10. *Persistence of the primary axis in sea-urchin eggs in spite of the rearrangement of visible substances in the eggs by centrifuging. To understand this picture one must read the paragraph in the text*

The egg will shortly afterwards bud forth its new small cells in exactly the same place as it would if nothing had been done to it. It 'knows' which end is which, and your throwing things about inside it has not in the least confused it. It looks as if it had a 'crystal lattice' inside it, like one of those rigid cat's-cradles of coloured balls which you can see in the South Kensington museums. But it is obviously not crystalline in the ordinary sense because you can squash it like pulp. Knowledge of liquid crystals is therefore what we need more than anything else to enable us to understand the extremely subtle forms of rigidity

possessed by animal and plant organisms.

The fact that fibre-molecules build up living structures explains a good many of the properties we associate with them in ordinary handling. The fibrousness of hair and the stringiness of muscle (meat) for example. Such fibres contract and expand. The shrinking of a pair of flannel trousers is closely connected with the contraction of a muscle. But whereas trousers and indiarubber bands have an inert springiness, the muscle has what we might call an 'ert' springiness—it is the basis of all animal movement.

One thing more. A great discovery of the last thirty years has been that there is not just one standard sort of carbon atom, but several standard sorts, all recognisably carbon, but different slightly in weight. The same is true of many other elements, such as nitrogen and hydrogen. Quite apart from the great importance of this knowledge for physics, it has enabled biologists to use these elements as 'tracers' since such atoms are, as it were, labelled, and can be followed around in the body once they have been introduced into it. In this way it has been found that a labelled atom of phosphorus or nitrogen, for instance, only a few minutes after entering the body, will enter into the structure of some of the protein of the brain or muscles, which, one would have thought, was absolutely fixed, supporting the living organism in an architectural way or playing its part in the great telephone exchange of the nervous system. Now this rapid interchange does not take place between the labelled atoms and 'dead' protein isolated from the living body. It must therefore mean that in the living body, atoms are constantly 'stepping out to lunch', as it were, from the molecules of which they are a part, while others step in to hold the fort. In this ceaseless interchange the pattern of the body is fully maintained. Such a co-operation, even though far down at the molecular level, cannot but remind us of the voluntary co-operation of individual human beings in maintaining patterns of society at levels of organisation far higher.

This thought brings me to some general conclusions. That the old distinction between Form and Matter has gone for ever, and that the new collaboration of Organisation and Energy has come, is indeed a revolution. But there is more to say than this.

In analysing the living body, we came up from the ultimate particles, the protons and electrons, to atoms, from atoms to molecules, from molecules to the tiniest living particles, from these to cell-constituents, from cell-constituents to cells, from cells to organs, from organs to whole animals or to the whole human body. But why stop there? Still further up there are the conjoint realms of human mind, and of human society, with all its complex associations, reaching up from the family to the whole unity of mankind. So we recount our levels of organisation. Each is larger than the one before, but also essentially more complex and more highly organised. In terms of space, each contains the smaller ones within itself.

But space cannot stand without time. In every individual development, that of man no less than the meanest of them, the new individual starts at a low level, and climbs up to its perfection. But also we know without shadow of doubt that there has been, roughly speaking, in time, a development of stages of complexity and organisation similar to those stages which we see as we reflect on the make-up of the highest organisms. There was inorganic matter before there were worlds. There were worlds before there was life. There was some sort of

primitive life (perhaps not unrelated to the viruses we are now studying) before there were plants, and there were plants before there were animals. There were animals before there were men, and there were men before there were those social organisms which we know as families and tribes. Then there came barbarous nations and more civilised city-states, and finally the national states that we know to-day.

It is often said that the second law of thermodynamics indicates an increase of randomness and a decrease of order in the non-living world as time goes on. On this one may remark that probably the physicists' definition of order does not apply to biological organisation or else that the biological rise of organisation is a process that has to be fully compensated for elsewhere in the universe.

After reflecting on this almost incredible rise in level of living organisation through millions of years, could anyone be so blind, so provincial, so audaciously foolish, as to imagine that the present condition of human society is the crown of the ages, the last and finest perfection of which Nature is capable? Admirers of past ages, refugees from our time who like to bury themselves in the classics or the eighteenth century, sometimes talk as if they did. Humanity, they will tell you, has decayed rather than progressed, since Plato. Considered in terms of evolutionary time, Plato is almost a contemporary of ours. The wonder is rather that civilised man has been able to accomplish so much since the days of the sages of Greece, China, Egypt and India. And so in considering where lies the true line of advance in our own days, we have only to look for whatever forces there may be which are making for greater and better organisation, not a mechanical organisation as such, which Nature never deals in, though Fascists may, but organisation built upon and growing out of the full nature of human beings at their best. Hence the world co-operative commonwealth is not, as so many people seem to think, a wild preposterous optimistic dream; it is a certain resolution of our difficulties, having the full authority of evolution behind it. This is the faith, if faith it can be called, by which socialists should be sustained. Whatever defeats the cause of human unity may in our time receive, the socialist grounded in these facts will always be able to say, with Galileo before the Inquisition, 'It does move,' all the same'. Whatever force hinders the coming of the world co-operative commonwealth, where all human races will live in harmony together, and where the old maxim will be true 'from each according to his capacities, to each according to his needs'; that force is ultimately doomed. Against the world-process no force can in the end succeed. The tasks of Energy and Organisation in the making of our universe are still far from ended.

Acknowledgments to the following:—for 2 & 3 Ch. Singer; 4 Fell & Canti; 5 McBain; 6 Ruska & Borries, 7 Stanley & Anderson; 8 Leathes; 9 Bawden, Pirie, Bernal & Fankuchen; 10 Huxley & de Beer

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Dr. Needham's article is one of a series called 'This Changing World' appearing in 'World Review' in which leaders in many departments of thought discuss the common factors behind contemporary manifestations, and the pattern of the modern world

Previous articles:—June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson. Back numbers, August, September and October 1s. 3d., June and July 1s. each from any bookstall or direct from the publishers, Hulton Press, Ltd., 43/44, Shoe Lane, E.C.4

Brains in the Ballot Box

by GORDON BECKLES

It is necessary to pass a medical test before becoming a soldier. Why not a brains test for Parliamentary voters?

'L'Urne du Congrès', used in the past for the election of Presidents of France. Marshall Pétain dispensed with it

POST-MORTEMS on the fatal errors of British politicians in the years between 1918 and 1939 will fill many more library morgues before history's curiosity is likely to be sated. That many Members of Parliament failed in their duties is generally conceded—even by a number of contrite M.P.s and ex-M.P.s. But what of the record of the voters who sent these faltering M.P.s to Westminster in the first place? If we are hoping to improve the breed of our Members of Parliament (and I profoundly hope that we are) we must surely first consider the quality of the public that elects them.

Our particular brand of democracy seems at present to have gone so far in giving a vote to every Tom, Dick and Mary that it has ignored all qualifications, principally those of intelligence, or reasonable interest in politics. How many people, for instance, bother to find out what their Member is really up to at Westminster; how many Divisions he has managed to attend; how many Questions he has asked; how many Committees he has sat on; how often (if at all) he has spoken or attended debates?

'Look, gentlemen, to the whole tenor of your Member's conduct,' advised Edmund Burke, when he talked to a constituency other than his own.

I suggest that the time has come when the question of re-establishing some sort of qualification for voting constitutes an immediate post-war problem. If it is necessary to pass a medical test to become a soldier, why not a mental test to become a voting citizen?

We cannot for ever have Lt.-Colonel Blockhead (C.) sleeping on the back benches, year in year out, only rising to his feet to castigate the Press, the Communists, or people who criticise the Government. Or some good-looking ass M.P. with a sufficient bank account to permit him to use Westminster as a rather dull but useful club. Lt.-Colonel Blockhead (C.) is kept there by the apathy of the voters, while the good-looking ass probably owes as much to the woman's vote as to his money.

The problem is how to judge whether a man or woman is really fit

Three Hogarth pictures of 'the Election' series

to vote. There have been many fumbling attempts to limit the vote. Eighteenth-century England saw the matter quite simply. You were not fit to vote if you were

Roman Catholic
Quaker
Agnostic
Jew
Nonconformist
Alien
Convict
Lunatic
Woman

It was generally agreed that this was carrying a joke too far, so that through the Reform and other Acts you have finally reached to-day's position, where everyone is entitled to throw his pebble in—except aliens, lunatics and convicts.

In the United States educational tests have been made in several of the States. But the qualifications have been limited to the ability to read and write.

In Russia there have been serious attempts—at least in theory—to base the qualifications on productivity. Which means jam for the manual labourer and a crust for the white-collar worker. Incidentally, in the Soviet Union they have an admirable system of making the members of the Soviets report regularly to the electors.

But we must not be dissuaded by the failures of the past. Let us look into the future and see what might be done:

SCENE: a Polling Booth on election day 1945.

Down the length of the room is a long counter at which the electors wait to have their cards given the PASS TEST by the Enquiry Clerks who sit in front of them, hidden by screens. The scene is rather reminiscent of a Labour Exchange, when the Means Test is being applied.

Enter a young girl of about twenty-one. She finds a free seat, draws in her chair and hands her voting card through the aperture to the hidden Enquiry Clerk.

CLERK: You've been to only two hustings. Didn't you know the minimum was three?

GIRL: Well, I did go to three. I went to the meeting in the drill hall last Wednesday, but forgot to take my card with me, so it didn't get stamped.

CLERK: What is the name of the Labour Candidate?

GIRL: Oh, I'm not voting Labour.

CLERK: You don't have to tell me that. I am asking you his name.

GIRL: Is he the tall one with the ginger hair?

CLERK: Yes. What is it that you don't like about him?

GIRL: Well, I'm voting for the Conservative.

CLERK: Why?

GIRL: Because I want to. My mum and dad vote Conservative.

CLERK: What part of their platform do you like best?

GIRL: Oh, I like their New Order. You know, the Regional Planning and the New City idea. I like that. Besides I think Captain Plugworthy's ever such a nice man.

CLERK: All right, as this is your first vote I'll stamp your card for you. But don't forget that by next election time you must be able to fill up a form like this. (*He hands her an examination form designed to test whether the voter has kept his or her eye on the record of theMember*). You see? You must read what he says in the House of Commons. It is always in the local paper. Now take your card along to the ballot-box room and they'll tell you what to do.

* * *

Is all that so very fantastic? It is no more searching (considerably less so) than a Ministry of Labour clerk has been in the past, digging out the secrets of an applicant coming under the Means Test.

Not secret? I don't see why not. Besides, even were it not absolutely

Voting in somewhat precarious privacy in France

secret, what harm could be done? It will probably surprise many middle-aged people to know that within the lifetime of their own parents there was no Secret Ballot at all. It was, in fact, introduced in South Australia and only came to this country in 1872 by way of the Ballot Act.

A test of this nature would do much to rule out the sort of conversation with which we are all of us all too familiar—

'Who is your Member here?'

'Here? D'you know, I really don't know. Fred, darling, who is our Member?'

'Fellow called Pompey-White, one of the biggest damn fools in the county.'

'Safe seat, I suppose?'

'So safe he never bothers to open his mouth. Matter of fact, he spends most of his time on the Riviera. He just goes on. I don't suppose I've ever voted for

him in all the twenty years I've been living down here.'

The question may be asked whether a new Reform Act, necessary to make such changes in the franchise, could hope to have any serious backing. I refer such questions to the Representation of the People (Equal Franchise) Bill of 1928.

This was the Bill that earned the somewhat flippant title of the 'Flappers' Own.' It proposed to lower the voting age for women from 25 to 21. The argument used by its opponents was that young women were unlikely—in the mass—to be serious voters. Had women not been given enough privileges in 1919? Did they *want* a vote? Were there votes for women in France? Or in half-a-dozen other countries?

The late Lord Birkenhead (father of Lady Eleanor Smith, eminently qualified to know her own mind) opposed the Bill with a wealth of invective and wit. 'In 1919,' he said, 'when nearly everybody went mad, when the phrases of President Wilson and his predictions were translated into logical and mathematical certainties, we gave women the vote.'

But I am not concerned with the rights or wrongs of the Representation of the People (Equal Franchise) Bill. The point I wish to make is that there are likely to be practical supporters for a revision of the present voting system. For what happened? Though the Bill became law, 136 M.P.s voted against it —in which figure must be included a third part of the Conservative party—and among them was Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Baldwin, having championed the flappers with a wealth of oratory and sentiment, was chucked out of office at the next election and only scrambled back to power on the back of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

The Act had added 5¼ million more names to the register.

Leave it at this, that every voter should be sufficiently interested to insist upon a concise statement appearing in the public prints at the end of every session. It might start thus:

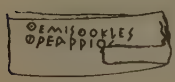
'I, Lancelot Henry Joggs, Member of Parliament for Upsey-down-Daisy, in the County of Somerset, do solemnly declare that during the session ending August 4th I did attend 14 Divisions in the House of Commons out of a possible 271, did contribute two columns of debate to Hansard (the highest being Mr. Ernest Brown with 234 columns) and did ask seven questions (the highest being Mr. Gallacher with 769).'

The Member would then proceed with his confession down to the smallest detail of concern to his constituency.

On the other side of the counter is the obligation of the voter. His voting Registration Card would bear a franking space upon which would be stamped his twice-yearly attendance at public political meetings.

Why not? Is there any reason why the voter should lose all intimate contact with the political issues of the day during the time his Member is resting at Westminster? The attendance at Saturday speech-festivals so beloved of Ministers (catching as they do, with their speeches, the Sunday morning as well as the Monday morning papers) must not be confined to a select crowd of stooges, dummies and old ladies.

There would be no compulsion to attend a minimum of two meetings, or hustings, during the year. But no attendances, on the other hand, would involve a denial of the privilege of voting.



Voting tablet, Athens (about 471 B.C.), used to ostracise Themistocles

If I were Prime Minister

'World Review' believes that it is making journalistic history when it gathers together fourteen well-known newspaper editors to discuss the delicate and revealing question put to them by James Eastwood, a daring young newspaperman, who braved the lions of Fleet Street to bring back their answers—very much alive

Some little time ago the editor of *World Review* received the following letter:

Dear Edward Hulton, you have paid me the compliment of inquiring what I should do if I became, through some extraordinary twist of fate, Prime Minister of this country.

The very first thing I should do would be to suppress Picture Post. *I should then proceed to line Edward Hulton, and all the Edward Hultons of this world, up against a wall and promptly apply to them Hitler's favourite method of liquidation.*

Having done these two things, the other problems with which I should be confronted would automatically solve themselves.

Sincerely yours,
Sydney Carroll,
Daily Sketch,
Managing Editor

That was the birth of this article. It then fell to me to discover what the editors of all the other daily and Sunday newspapers would do if they secured the tenancy of No. 10, and incidentally, I suppose, what they thought of Edward Hulton for asking awkward and perhaps tactless questions. For example, Mr. W. W. Hadley, the editor of the *Sunday Times*, replied: 'No wise man will answer your question, for the simple and sufficient reason that he does not possess the information on which the Prime Minister decides his course'. It is, of course, true that newspapermen have not all the information available to the Cabinet, but they are, for the most part, exceptionally well-informed people, their views do much to mould public opinion, and public opinion can, in the last resort, make and break governments. Therefore I suggest that the question is neither as academic nor pointless as it may at first appear. My inquiry was pursued in a spirit of scientific curiosity, and its result is, in effect, a sort of Gallup Poll on the state of editorial opinion on what should be done at this stage of the war. National daily, Sunday and London evening newspaper editors only were approached.

From a total of twenty-two newspapers fourteen replies were received,

three of which were more or less facetious. I hesitate to describe the remainder as 'Don't Knows'.

For those that are slightly facetious I am, perhaps, partly responsible, because in the cases of unwilling victims I baited the question by remarking that replies could be humorous. (Truth is often spoken in jest, anyway.) To this, however, one editor replied that the presumption was one which he could not even be humorous about, and I retired crestfallen. Of the eight big morning papers only three editors replied. There are, I suggest, two main reasons for this. (1) The tradition of anonymity is by no means dead in Fleet Street. (2) The morning papers are more 'serious', more 'authoritative' than their evening and Sunday contemporaries. Can it be that anything in the nature of a 'stunt' is anathema to them? (The very idea: *World Review* pulling a stunt!).

★ ★ ★

Mr. Cecil Thomas, of the *Daily Mirror*, was at first shy of the question. I lured him on by telling him that a precedent had been established for insulting Edward Hulton. But he informed me with charming modesty that he had no desire to do so. Next morning I received the following letter:

Dear Mr. Eastwood, I'm afraid this is the best I can do:

Shoot. . . .

Take half-a-dozen Beaverbrooks, shake well together, make a Cabinet pudding.

Shout. . . .

Delete odour of sanctity: make B.B.C. Britain's voice of thunder.

Shut up. . . .

Uncontaminated by any political loyalties, I would ensure that critics cease from Quisling and the braggarts jibe no more.

Nightmare ended, I would thank my lucky stars that Providence had seen fit to give the job—plus the guts and the brain—to Mr. Churchill.—Yours sincerely, Cecil Thomas.

★ ★ ★

Mr. A. Christiansen, of the *Daily Express*, shares this satisfaction with the present occupier of No. 10. He wrote:

Before I would agree to become Prime Minister, I should insist on Mr. Churchill becoming Editor of the Daily Express. *And I should hope that he would treat me with great forbearance, in the light of his vast knowledge of the difficulties of being Managing Director of a company housing forty-five million people at its headquarters.*

He would, I hope, appreciate that I, as Prime Minister, knew everything that was happening in the State, whereas there was much that I could not tell him or the public.

★ ★ ★

Of the remaining morning newspapers the rest is silence. Two of the three evening papers responded. Here is the contribution of Frank Owen, editor of the *Evening Standard:*

There are two issues, if we propose to win. One is aid for Russia. The other is how to create that aid. In other words: Production here. They interlock.

The Prime Minister is Minister of Defence with control over all armed forces. A Minister of Production must have control over all economic resources. He must produce for the Army, Navy, Air Force and the Population. There is no other machinery for waging total war—successfully.

★ ★ ★

And Mr. A. L. Cranfield, of *The Star*:

Every male and female between eighteen and sixty-five would have to satisfy a tribunal that they were engaged in work essential to our war success, whatever their health or intellect. The village half-wit can dig. Even military critics could do something in the army.

All private cars would be taken off the road.

Service pay would at least equal the best equivalent civil pay.

Every alien, every refugee, male or female, would be forced to pay for sanctuary with labour, including domestic service.

And I would insist that the three Service Ministers should release news as demanded and decided by the Ministry of Information.

At the *Evening News* I was unable to get behind the mask of editorial anonymity.

★ ★ ★

Sunday journalism is feature journalism. The Sunday papers are certainly more consistently *read* than the rest (*The Times* possibly excepted). And their editors are in many cases by no means averse to expressing their opinions in signed articles. John Gordon, of the *Sunday Express*, has been called 'the journalistic success of this war'. Here is his characteristic contribution:

Ask any ordinary average citizen how he thinks the war is going. The chances are he will say: 'I'd like to see us doing something. I'd like to see us put more energy into it.'

Just a moment ago I switched on the radio to listen to the news bulletin. All the British activity reported was this: 'Some of our coastal planes machine-gunned four armoured trawlers off the Dutch coast.' And that at a moment when Russia has been fighting for her life for three months is the sum total of a day's activity.

Is our ordinary average citizen over-critical when he suggests that what we need above all things is to put some energy into our war-making? To make up our minds in fact that wars are won by fighting and not by making speeches.

I think he is right. And I say that if the responsibility were put upon me, the first and fundamental change I should make would be to form a Government of first-rate organisers and fighters instead of speech-makers and fiddlers.

We have the finest Navy in the world. We have an incomparable Air Force, we have an army that in fighting spirit is the equal of any, but you cannot weld these into a devastating war machine unless the national executive burns with equal ferocity and ardour.

Yet look at our war Government. Three-quarters of it are the men who failed to appreciate the menace of Hitler in the years before the war, and by failure landed us into this tragedy. When we ought to have been building an Air Force they were the men who thought you could substitute lung power for air power, who tried when the tiger began to growl to appease it with a saucer of milk.

Are these the breed of war leaders? Can you make tigers out of tabby cats?

You know the answer. So do I.

Therefore, I say the first thing I should do if the power were mine is to scrap this game of party politics, which forces on the country a Cabinet of odds and ends, chosen by the pressure of party interests and substitute for it a committee of the best fighters and organisers in the country.

I would make my organisers really organise this country for a total war effort, not just talk about it. I would see that every ounce of energy of every man and woman of working age in this country went for the next year at least into war production or into supplying the needs of the producers.

Having set the organisers of the Cabinet to work, I should say to my fighters: 'There is only one way to finish this war, that is by smashing Germany. There is only one weapon by which you can jump over the heads of the German armies and smash Germany—the bomber.

'I promise you that my industrial organisers will put in your hands in the shortest space of time, a fleet of bombers such as the world has never seen. From this moment onward I want you to use that growing fleet with full strength to smash Germany's cities one by one till each single one is a smoking, uninhabitable ruin.

'I want you to bear in mind that one bomb on Germany is worth one hundred bombs outside, and one bomb in a town is worth a thousand in a field. Therefore, do not drop one bomb unnecessarily outside Germany. And in Germany the target for to-night and for every night henceforth is a town. Go to it.'

I believe that within a year of making up our minds to fight Germany she could be beaten. But I believe she cannot be beaten just by sitting and looking at her.

★ ★ ★

Now for Charles Eade, editor of the *Sunday Dispatch*.

I hope that no one but Mr. Winston Churchill will be Prime Minister so long as this war lasts. If, as you say, 'by some extraordinary twist of fate' I should be called upon to hold that Office and by some even more extraordinary twist had to explain my policy in two hundred words, I should do as follows:

Home. *Removal from the Cabinet of all ministers identified in the public mind with 'Munich' and 'appeasement'. Compulsion instead of voluntary service in* all *sections of the war effort. Merciless treatment of anyone who hampers our fight—traitors, profiteers, saboteurs, pacifists, fascists, strikers,*

inefficient managers, faint hearts and 'peace-by-negotiation' advocates. Exemption from military service according to actual work done, and not 'reserved occupations'.

Enemy. *Ruthless intensification of air bombardment on Germany and Italy as growing strength makes this possible. Many large scale sea and land raids on Germany, Italy and occupied territory, but no attempt at a full scale invasion to throw away the lives of hundreds of thousands of our best young men. Never, never any dealings or peace negotiations with the Nazi or Army regime in Germany.*

Neutrals. *Greater firmness in dealing with Spain, Turkey and other neutrals. No softness for Franco. No food or anything else for Vichy France. Seizure of Dakar if our strength permitted.*

★ ★ ★

Stuart Campbell, acting editor of the *Sunday Pictorial*:

Five new faces are attending my first Cabinet meeting. It lasts fifteen minutes and my Ministers leave with this memo in their pockets:

'The war has three facets in this order of importance:

(1) *Production.*
(2) *Battle.*
(3) *Propaganda.*

'Since all three are inter-dependent I intend to deal with them simultaneously. The first orders and announcements will be given within forty-eight hours. They will be on these broad lines:

(a) *All war production to be correlated in Government hands under a single Minister, who will have the first call upon man-power.*

(b) *Immediate naval, air and land operations to be undertaken in Norway and Sicily.*

(c) *The announcement of our specific war aims, both foreign and domestic, to be implemented in the first stages at home by the introduction of family allowances.*

'My choice of three Ministers to form my executive War Cabinet will be based upon the intelligent understanding of these problems in the reports I expect from you within twenty-four hours.

P.S.—I have just invited Wavell to be my Minister of Defence. There are now, therefore, only two vacancies on the executive.'

★ ★ ★

James Tevnan, London editor of the *Empire News*:

Having the confidence of the people I would take the greatest care not to lose it by studying Party or individuals. Rid my aides of the Blimps, peacetime ornaments. Surround myself with the most practical men gifted with imagination such as winning the war demands. Establish punishment for all who hinder production. Order the stiffest sentences for looting and exploiting economic necessities. The measure would include the confiscation of all monies filched by Black Market means.

I would relegate idealistic proposals for post-war adoption to a more convenient period for consideration. Winning the war would be my task all the time and exclusively. First catch the hare . . .

I would have a show-down of the Ministry of Information and the departments on whom they depend for information. I would restrain the police from undue interference with and obstruction of, the Press on occasions that appeal strongly to the people. My confidence in them would bring from them greater confidence in me.

I would suppress the pompous asses who deny the men and women of the Services their rights; or delay the enjoyment of those rights through procrastination or inefficiency.

I would ginger up schools of technology and extend facilities for technical study. Subsidise classes for the teaching of languages so that fees would not exclude the poorer folk from the opportunity of acquiring knowledge in languages. I would insist on native teachers.

I would make War Savings Certificates security against accommodation from banks, thus encouraging those struggling to maintain nest eggs to invest in these certificates. Holders who need money in emergency now have to sell. Could they borrow against the security by thrift they could reduce every week the amount loaned. I have the opinion millions could be raised in this way and investors would feel they held a greater stake in the Empire.

As the war may continue for years all these points bear directly on the war and its winning.

I would punish those who do not play fair with evacuees. I would also punish adult evacuees who do not play the game by their hosts.

I would tighten up the system of granting exit permits so that countries such as America would not be so easily accessible to bletherskites who believe their lectures to the people will win them to our cause.

I would create a special staff to deal with news for foreign countries, its personnel to be men and women with practical experience with the working classes of those countries and knowing news when they see it from the angle of the people whom they serve.

I would have an immediate overhaul of our effete Consular System. Slackness in this direction has

provided, and still provides, the enemy with a powerful weapon. I would kill the peacock-strutting that has characterised our Diplomatic Service, making it a joke among go-ahead people.

I feel, rightly or wrongly, all this cleaning up is essential to winning the war and securing the peace.

★ ★ ★

The editor of *The People* was disinclined to make a contribution, while the editor of the *Sunday Graphic* felt that neither he nor his Diplomatic Correspondent could be 'sufficiently diplomatic' in dealing with such a 'delicate question'.

★ ★ ★

The editor of *Reynolds News* was out of town. But I was able to secure the view of the Political Correspondent of that journal, Gordon Schaffer. He writes:

At my first Cabinet I would ask for the resignation of any Minister not prepared to accept these two main principles:

1. *That the war must be fought in complete unity with the Soviet Union — militarily, economically, strategically.*
2. *That as an essential of victory and the achievement of the Atlantic Charter, every effort must be made to mobilise the peoples in Nazi dominated countries in a common anti-Fascist front.*

As the first step I would instruct the Service Ministers to initiate staff conversations with the Soviet at which the prospects of a second front or a British Expeditionary Force to the Russian Front would be examined in the light of the total resources of the alliance and the support available from revolutionary movements in the occupied countries.

I would approach post-war problems from the standpoint, that unless plans are made to ensure that the wheels of production keep turning when peace comes at something like the scale attained in war, economic chaos is inevitable.

That would mean convincing the nation that drastic, even revolutionary, changes in our economic system are necessary now. I believe the people are beginning to accept this view and that even the most conservative sections realise that the way of 1931 will lead to disaster.

Mr. J. L. Garvin felt that he could not be effective in this symposium without saying more than would be either seemly or wise at this phase. I was, however, fortunate in obtaining a contribution from the *Observer's* Diplomatic Correspondent, Mr. George Glasgow, which strikes a new and, I think, inspiring note. He writes:

It should be understood that what I write here in no way commits the Observer, *whose views on an appallingly difficult and delicate subject are steadily and constructively expounded by the Editor in the right place. As a private individual, having written about diplomacy for a quarter of a century, I cannot help feeling, somewhat precisely, what I should do if I were suddenly to become Prime Minister. I should make a clear, simple statement and a clear, simple proposal to all the Great Power Governments of the world, to the effect that Hitlerism, or the method by force of achieving national ambitions, is the stumbling block to civilised progress; that Hitlerism must be defeated* at all costs; *that in this, as in all human problems, the clue to the solution can be found only by subjecting the human will and the human intellect wholly to the will and guidance of God. The solution then emerges of itself. In the present case, Hitlerism derives its whole power for evil from the use of armed force, that is from a perversion of God's mystery, which makes Love the only instrument of order on earth, into the Devil's mystery, which makes hatred the deadly instrument of endless disorder. Therefore, the problem is to abolish armaments, and* thereafter *to substitute reason for force in the solution of difficulties. My proposal, therefore, is that the seven Great Powers should constitute themselves into the nucleus of a new League of Nations whose programme would be* (note the order) *first, to disarm and to keep disarmed the whole world; and second, to settle territorial, political and other problems. It would be necessary for the proposal to be accepted by each Great Power. If any one refused, the scheme would at once be abandoned, and the war, and the next war, and the next, would run their course. If the proposal were accepted, the machinery would be easy. I suggest such a machinery in my book 'Diplomacy and God', the central feature being a permanent disarmament commission stationed in each country, and constituted by representatives of every* other *country* (*the country being disarmed not being represented on the particular commission carrying out its disarmament*). *Granted disarmament, political problems are easily soluble, because only reason is available for the solution, and*

Hitlerism, the enemy, is automatically liquidated. Without arms, Hitler becomes a name of six letters, nothing more. Too idealistic? God's mystery is idealistic. It is uncompromising. We either go the whole length, with God, to prosperity, or we do—what we now do. There is no reason, under God's simple rule, why the war should not end, and Hitlerism be finally defeated, without further delay.

All the proposals are now before you. To sum up briefly:

1. There appears to be an undercurrent of satisfaction with the present Prime Minister (three contributors go out of their way to praise him). But

2. There is strong disapproval of certain members of the Cabinet, particularly those associated with 'Munich' and 'appeasement'. (Six contributors express themselves definitely on this point.) And it is evidently felt that owing to their influence there is

3. An insufficiency of energy put into the war effort. Constructive criticism here falls under the following heads:

(*a*) Drive to increase production; (*b*) better use of man power; (*c*) more aid for Russia (three definite references); (*d*) more effective use of propaganda (three references); (*e*) far-reaching economic changes as an indispensable factor in winning the war.

4. Only one contributor advocates that there should be an immediate attempt to bring the war to an end by non-military means, i.e. by a *moral* appeal for universal disarmament.

5. There appears to be little desire to see this country invade the Continent, although one writer suggests that the prospects of a second front or a B.E.F. to aid Russia should be explored, another would like to see 'immediate naval, air and land operations undertaken in Norway and Sicily', and another would stage large scale sea and land raids on Germany, Italy and the occupied countries.

6. The war should be waged with the ultimate peace settlement in mind. (Three definite expressions on this point: while one writer thinks 'idealistic proposals' for post-war adoption should be relegated to a more convenient period for consideration).

The weakness of our survey of opinion is that, owing to the abstention of the editors of many of the big dailies, it is not sufficiently comprehensive. Nevertheless, as I think the student of British journalism will agree, it does not distort out of recognition the views of Fleet Street at the present time. It also shows that, thank God, after more than two years of war there is still a considerable degree of freedom of speech in this country, although I would have preferred the big dailies to come a little more into the open. This, of course, may be due to modesty, or perhaps even (awful thought!) to self-mistrust. When I asked Mr. J. W. Drawbell of the *Sunday Chronicle* to contribute to this feature he remarked sagely: '*If I were Prime Minister I should pray above all to be saved from the advice of newspaper editors, so many of whom believe—and did not hesitate to publish their belief—that there would be no war "this year or next year," or seemingly ever.*'

The Man's Case

by GRAHAM GREENE

In our October issue Dr. Edith Summerskill presented incisively and forcefully the Woman's Case. Believing in the principle of audiatur et altera pars, *we have asked Graham Greene to plead the case of Man. The verdict we leave to the jury of our readers*

Poor Man. I see him—little better than a prostitute—rising early from the great brass bedstead which almost fills the shared suburban bedroom to creep away through the cold morning to earn money for his legal owner to squander. He earns it painfully on an office-stool, and punctually every Friday night hands it over intact in its envelope to his wife. She gives him back a pittance for fares and cigarettes: then urges him remorselessly upstairs to bed. He can't withhold himself: he must submit in and out of season to her unwanted embraces. The Married Man's Association (which, alas! is still in the realm of dreams—perhaps married men are too broken in spirit to organise themselves for action) believes that this complete dependency of the husband upon the good will of a wife robs a man of the power of independent self-expression and reduces him to a 'Yes man'. How often do we find a husband who is only the echo of his wife's voice. . . .

I would not like anyone to think that I am treating Dr. Summerskill's arguments with flippancy: the picture I have drawn is neither more nor less inaccurate than Dr. Summerskill's. We have both taken a very special case and used it for the purposes of generalisation. Dr. Summerskill writes that 'an oriental atmosphere pervades many a suburban villa' and may a man not be at liberty to reply that a matriarchy certainly rules over many a suburban bedroom? Generalisations of this kind make the professional champion of women's rights women's worst enemy. All that Dr. Summerskill writes on the subject of unfair differentiation between men and women in the matter of wages and compensation for injury is undeniably true. If it is right that there should be differentiation it should be along the lines of need—a bachelor with no one to support should receive less than a woman with a mother to support; and it is obviously an injustice that a woman with income-tax to pay should receive less allowance for a dependent relative than a man gets for a wife. This is all so obvious that I cannot believe that a readjustment would have been seriously opposed for very long—except by employers of cheap labour who could eventually have been frightened into silence.

Unfortunately, the professional champion of women's rights—of whom Dr. Summerskill is a talented and energetic example—tied these practical and obviously just demands on to the doctrine of the sex-war, a war which probably most of us would otherwise have never

'Le Bataillon de la Suprématie Féminine arrivant aux Barricades' was the title of A. Robida's visionary cartoon in 1883, prophesying female supremacy by 1953

known was being fought. The differentiation was probably in the first place an example of the piece-work attitude to wages—that people should be paid not according to need but according to result—the kind of payment which, curiously enough, Dr. Summerskill seems to favour. Women and children in the mines did less work than men, and by a false analogy the principle was applied to the employment of women everywhere.

WHO INVENTED SEX-WAR?

In the natural course of things, with the growth of a social conscience and increasing state-control, this false differentiation would have disappeared, making a last stand in those employments where women are less efficient than men, but dying out there too: the principle of payment according to need, following on the heels of taxation according to need. There had been no sex-war in all this—any more than there had been an age-war in the employment of children: it was just an example of Liberalism in action, free trade, *laisser-faire* and the devil take the hindmost.

One is sometimes inclined to think (without, of course, any reference to its present exponents) that the sex-war was first invented by the sexually unhappy. Open any of those innumerable books which advise people about marriage and you will come on some such sentence as this: 'A failure to attain mutual satisfaction causes the woman to feel irritation and resentment against the man'. And thus begins that unmistakable emotional tone—the references to legal prostitution and the like. Dr. Summerskill, with a lack of humour and *nous* which is Parliamentarian, writes that 'many a woman prostitutes her body and her mind in order to placate her lord and master': to which most happily-married women might well answer, 'if this is prostitution, we like it.'

So it is that such humourless and generally unwanted proposals as those contained in the Bill prepared by the Married Women's Association are linked in the mind with the thoroughly reasonable attempts to equalise wages and compensation. It is a Bill which can only attract the unhappily-married to whom marriage has meant no more than a partnership directed to the upkeep of a home and the rearing of children.

'All the expenses of the house would be deducted from the family income and the remainder equally divided between husband and wife.' It sounds so plausible so long as you shut the formal phrases well away from any knowledge you may possess of human nature, so long as you don't begin to treat the humourless proposal in the humourless detail it deserves.

DUTCH TREATS

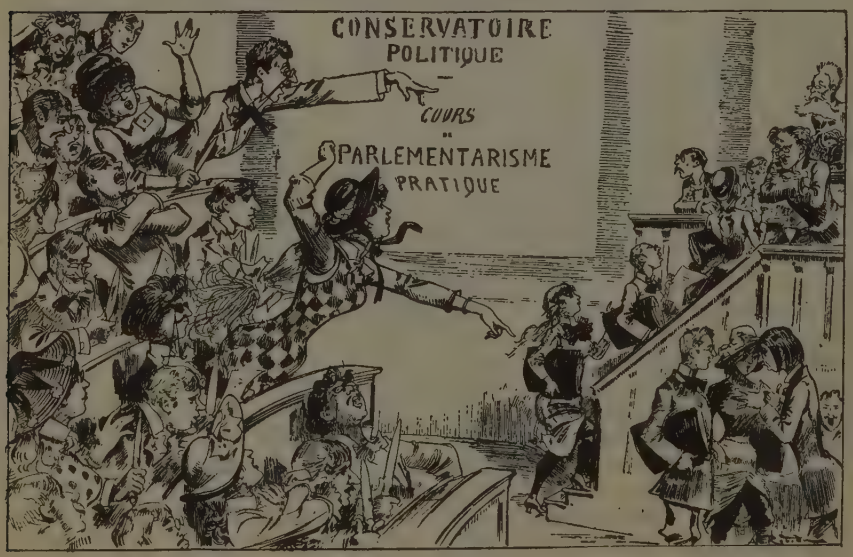
For instance, let us take the example of the family laundry. If the wife's laundry comes to more than the husband's, the difference—I am sure Dr. Summerskill will agree—should come out of the wife's personal share, for why should the husband benefit less than the wife from the household expenses? On the other hand, the wife's meals at home may well be very light indeed—a cup of soup and a piece of toast serve many married women for lunch. This, one assumes, must be carefully costed, and any amount in excess that the husband spends on his lunch in a restaurant must be deducted from his personal allowance. And what about entertainment in the home? It may very well be that one partner in this odd business entertains more friends than the other. The excess must surely be deducted from personal expenses. (One begins to envisage a

chartered accountant attached to each home to audit these complicated internal debts.)

Is it only that odd bogy in the feminist (not — mark you — female) mind—the bogy of the Masterful Husband, the Domestic Bully—who will feel a slight nostalgia, remembering the days when he could entertain his wife suddenly and extravagantly, or will the woman, too, sometimes experience the same regrets? Under the new sensible dispensation there will be always separate bills—for restaurants and theatres and hotels. Sometimes one partner will be able to afford wine—sometimes the other, but they must not share it. Perhaps on his birthday the wife may feel able to pay for her husband's drink, but I doubt whether it will ever be safe for him to make the offer—it will brand him too dangerously as a member of the old régime. At the theatre it will always be safest to plump for the upper circle (your wife, after buying her autumn clothes, may not be able to afford a stall), and it would be unfair—in a moment of financial stringency—to tempt her back to the old days of prostitution by offering to pay for her seat yourself. (Let us hope, for the sake of future generations, that the flight from prostitution may not go too far.)

For the shallow and the unregenerate ('many women, like many men, do not think very deeply') there will—thank God—be one escape from this appalling Bill: they need not marry. By avoiding the ceremony they will still be able to live recklessly, enjoyably, romantically—without accounts, and Catholics, I am glad to think, will be able to have the best of both worlds, for *their* marriage ceremony is not recognised by the State

A. Robida provides a course of practical parliamentary politics for women in 1953, though our lady M.P.s would definitely protest against the artist's conception



A 'BUS' CONDUCTRESS

Old Gentleman: *'You are a very saucy, impudent woman, and I'll certainly summon you!'*

Conductress: *'Thank ye, sir! (to Driver) Go on, Sarah; never mind the old cove'*

Drawing by John Leech, with the kind permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch'

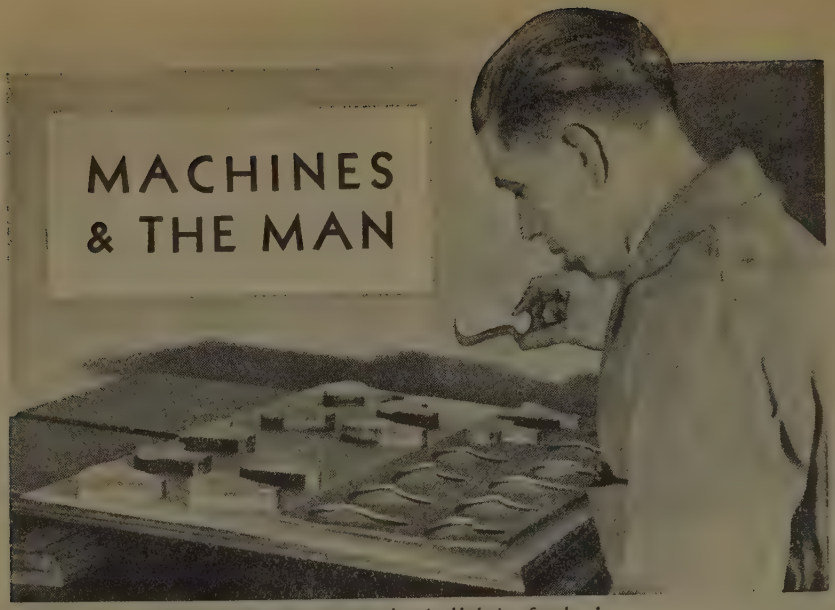
THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

—and she is not to be disturbed

Drawing by John Leech, with the kind permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch'

without the civil ceremony. But I have an awful fear that this evasion will not be long allowed—the married women will not tolerate it. They will demand, as they watch more and more of their sex escaping to happiness, that every exit from their own prosaic existence be blocked: to live together without the registrar's blessing will become illegal as well as immoral. For no woman is sterner than one who is bent on the economic salvation of her sex. 'We hold these truths to be self-evident,' so declared the author of the American Declaration of Independence, 'that all men are created equal. That they are endowed by their Creator with certain undeniable Rights, that among them are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness,' but do not whisper the last right to these grim champions of their sex. 'No doubt,' Dr. Summerskill writes, 'when Kemal Ataturk inaugurated a new era for Turkish women, the ladies of the harem sighed for the good old days.' And why, in heaven's name, shouldn't they?

MACHINES & THE MAN



VOCATIONAL TEST—*inserting blocks in a form board*

by RAYMOND PARMENTER

The aptitude of the worker can be gauged and his fatigue reduced: production can be increased and waste eliminated—by the Industrial Psychologist

THERE is a right way to knock nails in with a hammer. And even if we all used the right way some of us would make better knockers-in of nails than others. We must remember that these are the fundamentals, underlying war production.

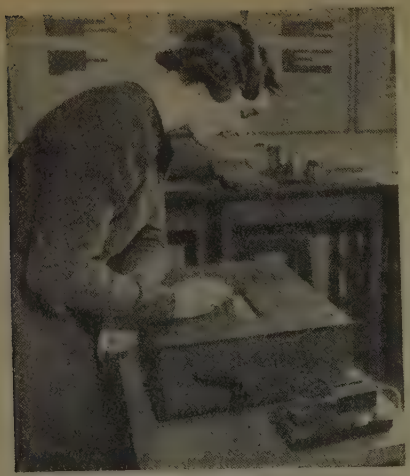
The systematic study of men at work, which has been carried on by industrial psychologists for the last forty years or so, has given us a powerful weapon with which to cut down labour waste. By aptitude testing of new labour and by motion study investigations on the jobs themselves, we can bring about considerable increases in production.

Most of the movements which we dismiss as obvious, both in work and at play, can be the object of very profitable scientific study, as the result of which speed can be increased and fatigue reduced.

It may sound fantastic to assert that psychologists could teach an army how to march, yet it is true.

There is an expert way of using a hammer, involving the minimum muscular effort, that is as attractive to watch as Hammond's off-drive, or Henry Cotton's mashie shot.

When you or I try to drive the ball at golf we bring one set of muscles into action in order to hit the ball and quite another set, after impact, to keep our balance and put an end to the movements which our first lot of muscles



An apparatus to test co-ordination of hand and eye

started. Both Henry Cotton and the good cobbler have only to put their first set of muscles into operation; the resistance of the ball, or the nail, does the rest.

The industrial psychologist calls it 'ballistic muscular action'. That is, the cobbler throws his hammer: he does not hit. Obvious, perhaps, but knowledge of the principles involved can help us enormously in the training of new workers.

Startling economies can be effected too by small changes in the work place —ensuring that the work is at the right height for the individual, that the tools are correctly placed and, where possible, even prepositioned. Everything connected with the human element is the concern of the industrial psychologist.

At the moment he is particularly interested in the instruction of new workers. He knows, for example, that there is very little 'transference of training' in engineering jobs. Only a person of exceptional talent can apply the skill acquired in one job to another that is slightly different. Unless the job that the worker is about to tackle in the factory can be reproduced exactly in the government training centre, his training will be of little value, apart from the fact that it eases the emotional shock of entering factory life and is useful as propaganda.

Instructors are wanted in the factories—there were said to be 20,000 in German factories before the war—but all skilled men, foremen and tool-setters, should be encouraged to teach, and made to realise that time spent in this way is not 'non-production'. The trouble is that skilled men, remembering their plight after the last war, are disinclined to create too many possible competitors. The present up-grading system is supposed to guard against this, but the average skilled man still has his doubts.

It is better really to have experienced teachers doing the job, so long as the first essential is realised—which is that no 'courses' are required unless large numbers are to be engaged on similar jobs. In view of the urgency of the need, training is best done on the spot.

Scientific method can help considerably in the selection of workers. Round pegs in square holes cost the nation millions a year. It has been proved that the aptitude for doing almost any kind of job varies at least a hundred per cent. This means that however hard they work, however much they practise, persons unsuited to the job will never do more than half of the good work of those who have an aptitude for it. A good worker, in equal time, can type twice as many letters or inspect twice as many components as an inferior one.

In a factory of 2,000, with a wage bill of, say, £400,000 a year, you can very quickly waste £50,000 a year on badly

selected or badly placed labour, to say nothing of the waste in materials and plant. Unfortunately as this waste does not appear on progress charts or balance sheets it escapes the notice of most managements.

It is a mistake to suppose that every problem of the worker can be solved by providing the right incentive. All the piece-rates and pep-talks in the world will do no good if the worker is unsuited to the job. It is, in fact, the wide differences in human abilities that upset so many piece-rate systems. It frequently happens that exceptionally quick workers dare not work to their top speed for fear of causing the rate to be changed. The real seat of the trouble is in the selection of workers right at the start.

When a business man buys material, he analyses, tests, and allocates with the greatest care, consulting experts at every step; when he buys labour, he too easily delegates the job to clerks or harassed executives and fails to use the scientific knowledge and skill that are available. Even on a small order of steel, thirty shillings will be spent for analysis, but on the analysis of John Jones, prospective employee, who may ruin the whole consignment, about sixpence is considered ample.

There is now a modern technique of selection, which, if carefully used, can render enormous help to our war industries. Used successfully in America and Germany, it has been developed by English experts with special reference to our own problems. It is possible to take men and women and, by certain pleasant and even amusing tests, determine who among them are most likely to make good operators, tool-setters, or viewers. Inspection, for example, requires certain distinctive faculties, in the quick perception of faults and the rapid handling of gauges. These abilities have been analysed and tests evolved for their measurement. Girls selected by these tests have proved to be far better than those chosen by the old method.

To save money in a big way we must be prepared to spend in a big way. It is no good being niggardly in the allocation of money for personnel management. Industrial psychology has come to stay. The most rapid advances in industry will be those made by firms who tackle these fundamental human problems.

TEST OF HAND STEADINESS FOR WEAVERS—
a needle has to be threaded through centre eyes. Time taken and number of eyes missed are the determining factors

THE SAME TEST FOR SOLDERERS—
drawing of parallel lines

KEEPING THE LIGHT BURNING

by
PAUL TABORI

When Sostrates built the Alexandria Pharos, it bore the superscription of Ptolemaeus, King of Egypt. But beneath the thin coat of cement the architect had deeply carved his own name, so that when the cement crumbled, the glory commemorated would be that not of the tyrant, but of the artist. From that time lighthouses ceased to be mere utilitarian institutions; they became legendary and romantic symbols

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA

THE first Pharos—built in the third century B.C.—was destroyed during an earthquake in the thirteenth century, but the Romans built numerous lighthouses along the coasts of Europe, and at Corunna, north of Cape Finisterre, the oldest existing lighthouse, built either by the Phœnicians or the Romans, still guides the mariner. So does the Tour de Cordouan, at the mouth of the river Gironde, in the Bay of Biscay, which was originally built to be a combination of lighthouse, church and royal residence.

British lighthouses and lightships have for four centuries been under the control of the Corporation or Guild of Trinity House. It was in 1514 that Henry VIII granted a charter to a Guild of Mariners and Queen Elizabeth conferred on them a grant of arms. One of its Masters was Samuel Pepys, who frequently mentions the Guild in his Diary.

To-day the authority of Trinity House covers the lighthouses of England and Wales, with some local exceptions, while Scotland's are controlled by the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses.

Among the many famous architects and engineers associated with lighthouses was Alan Stevenson, father of R. L. S. He was responsible for the erection of the famous Skerryvore Lighthouse, some eleven miles from the Island of Tiree, off the western coast of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott was a member of the party that explored the possibility of erecting a lighthouse on this dangerous reef.

Perhaps the most famous of British lighthouses is the Eddystone Rock. The present structure is the fourth, though not all of them have stood on the same spot. The first was destroyed during a terrific storm in 1703; its designer

THE PHAROS OF PTOLEMY

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES—*one of the seven wonders of the ancient world*

'A LOOK-OUT ON 'CHRISTMAS EVE' (*Drawn by J. A. Pasquier, 1866*)

perished with it. The second was destroyed by fire in 1755, the keepers escaping by sheltering under a ledge of rock. The third stood for more than a century, but in the end had to be rebuilt because the rock on which it was based had become undermined by the sea. The present lighthouse was built by Sir James Douglass and brought into operation in 1822.

One of the most romantic lighthouses is the Wolf, about eight miles off Land's End. It received its name because of a 'growling sound that used to be made by waves washing into a hollow portion of the rock and compressing and violently driving out the air.' Even when the light was obscured by fog, mariners were warned of their danger by this growling. But the wreckers determined to 'stop the mouth of the wolf', and did so by rowing out boatloads of heavy stones. Later the people on shore repented of this barbarous action, and as the stones could not be removed, they made a copper wolf with distended jaws, but this was never taken to the rock. Some of the immense difficulties that may be encountered in erecting a lighthouse can be gathered from the fact that during eight years only one hour per day, on the average, could be employed in work on the Wolf Lighthouse, the heavy seas making sustained activity impossible.

The first and the last light which ships see when crossing the Atlantic is the Fastnet, about five miles from Cape Clear. On the small rock the stump of the old tower still stands, as an oil storage tank, while the more recent structure was erected at the base to have stronger support. Other notable lighthouses around these islands are the Dubh Artach, the Longships, the Skerryvore, and the Inchcape or Bell Rock.

The beacons of the United States offer

very great variety. There is the South Hampton Shoals, built on stilts; the Bonita Point, on a high cliff north of San Francisco; the St. George's Reef, which has cost £150,000 and took seven years to build; the Los Angeles; the Mile Rocks, which has been built on heavy steel plates filled with concrete, near the entrance of the Bay of Saint Francisco; and the Port Arena, also in California. Well known to navigators of the Seven Seas are the Hog Island Lighthouse in the Bahamas; the Rothersand, at the mouth of the Weser in Germany, also built on an artificial foundation; the Okuna and Entao Lighthouses of Japan.

The life of the lighthouse keeper is much more comfortable and secure to-day than in past times. Even so, he is often isolated for long periods from the mainland. For four months a keeper of The Smalls had to live with the body of his mate, which he was afraid to throw into the sea, lest he should be accused of murder. The keepers to-day, however, are less likely to experience the fate of the men of the Flannen Islands, who vanished tracelessly sometime in December 1900. But their lot is still a hard one, and although the installation of wireless has made communications with the shore much easier, even radio occasionally breaks down.

Lighthouse keepers are conspicuous for their unflagging devotion to duty and their almost fanatical resolution to 'keep the light burning'. To keep this light burning, science and commonsense have devised various methods throughout the centuries. At first it was wood, later coal, which enabled the beacons to flash their light over the stormy seas. The Isle of May's coal beacon burned uninterruptedly for 181 years. Then there were candles, which had to be snuffed at regular intervals; later oil burners, using

RELIEVING THE BISHOP LIGHTHOUSE IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS—
relief was fourteen days overdue!

TENDING THE LIGHT (*This is a Petroleum Vapour Burner*)

first sperm oil, afterwards vegetable oils, and finally petroleum. The incandescent mantle, invented in 1866, increased the range and brilliance of the oil lights, but already in 1859 the first electric beacon had been installed at South Foreland. The Lizard, St. Catherine's and the Isle of May lighthouses use electricity, but most of the British lighthouses continue to rely on oil. One of the most powerful electric beacons in the world is at Germany's naval base of Heligoland.

The light is magnified by various optical methods, and these can be divided into different orders according to the focal length of the centre lens. Fixed lights are no longer used, as the revolving screen or lowered cylinder creates a system of 'flashes' by which not only a warning of reefs is given but also a basis for indentification of the peculiar lighthouse, thus enabling the seaman to check up on navigation. Some lighthouses alternate their flashes from white to red or green. In clear weather lights are exhibited from sunset to sunrise, while during foggy or hazy weather this period is lengthened at both ends by an hour.

LIGHTSHIPS

Lightships replace lighthouses at points where the latter cannot be built or maintained conveniently. The first English lightship was established in 1732 at the Nore, the dangerous sandbank off the mouth of the Thames. The Dudgeon Shoal, Norfolk, followed four years later. Most lightships have to be towed into position, having no propelling power of their own, though this seems to be a peculiarity of the English ships only: the American, French, Swedish, Dutch and German vessels are equipped usually with steam or Diesel engines. The inevitable rolling of a lightship is counteracted by swinging the burner and the optical apparatus on gimbals and steadying them by counterbalance weights. In foggy weather a siren, or diaphone, operates by means of compressed air. Some of the lightships also have a submarine bell or submarine oscillator; the latter has a range of more than fifty miles.

Life on a lightship is, perhaps, less lonely than in a lighthouse, but it is certainly more dangerous and exacting, especially during the winter months.

LIGHTHOUSES IN WAR— AND IN LITERATURE

The war has added a new danger—for, contrary to international law and common humanity, the Germans have attacked lightships, helplessly moored around our coasts. One of the finest British documentary films, 'Men of the Lightship', shows how they sank one such vessel and how the crew managed to reach the shore only to be drowned in the breakers.

Lighthouses have always excited the imagination of writers. A fascinating anthology might be compiled of short stories and poems written about or around lighthouses. They play an important part in works of Victor Hugo, Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson and many others. In more recent times Evadne Price has staged a successful comedy-thriller in a lighthouse—*Phantom Light*—and a lighthouse also provides the setting for *Thunder Rock*, one of the most moving American plays to come on the London stage. A recent announcement spoke of a film being made at a British studio entitled *Tower of Terror*, which deals with a lighthouse in Nazi-occupied Europe, a centre for British Fifth Column activities. In Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* the subject is used allegorically.

Let us hope that before long the lighthouses and lightships will shine again over waters freed from the lurking U-boat and the magnetic mine.

SCIENCE FRONT

COAL DUST ENGINES

It is theoretically possible to run an internal-combustion engine on coal dust instead of oil fuel. There are, as would be expected, many practical difficulties involved, and in England there has been little attempt to develop a satisfactory model, but it is known that the ingenious German, ever on the look-out for substitutes for petrol, has been experimenting along these lines. According to a lecture given by Professor S. J. Davies to the Royal Society of Arts, an engine something like a Diesel motor is being tested but still suffers from many faults, such as wear on the cylinders and valves, breakage of piston rings, etc.

MAN A NINETY-NINE PER CENT PARASITE?

The material of living things is largely built up of carbon, and the carbon ultimately comes out of the air, where it exists combined with oxygen as the gas carbon dioxide. It has always been thought that it is only plants and a few bacteria which can use this carbon directly; they have the green colouring matter chlorophyll which enables the carbon dioxide to combine with water to give the more complex substances of which living matter is composed. Animals, which lack chlorophyll, were supposed only to use the carbon at second hand, taking it in by eating plants which had already built it up into complex substances. Within the last month or two this theory has for the first time wobbled slightly on its foundations. It has been found that many, if not all, animal cells can absorb some carbon dioxide direct from the air and use it to build up some of the substances they need. Instead of using chlorophyll to help them accomplish this, animal cells appear to use one of the vitamins, vitamin B1, and perhaps this is the most important reason why vitamin B1 is essential for healthy growth.

The amount of carbon dioxide taken up from the air in this way is not accurately known, but is certainly only a very small fraction of the total carbon needs of an animal. Man and the other animals are not, as we used to think, completely parasitic on plants for their carbon, but they are not independent enough to look a cabbage in the face with any confidence.

DOUBLE-BARRELLED ERSATZ

The German, having cut himself off from the coffee-producing areas of the world, has to brew his *ersatz* breakfast beverage from roasted acorns and wheat. Meanwhile, the Brazilian has got tired of dumping his sacks of surplus berries into the sea, and is now starting to turn his real coffee into an *ersatz* material. A method has been found for converting coffee berries into a hard resin like the Bakelite of which fountain pens and door-knobs are made. The new plastic does not seem to have any very marked advantages, except the one which weighs so heavily in Brazilian eyes; it is something useful which can be made out of unsaleable coffee.

USING GERMS TO FEED COWS

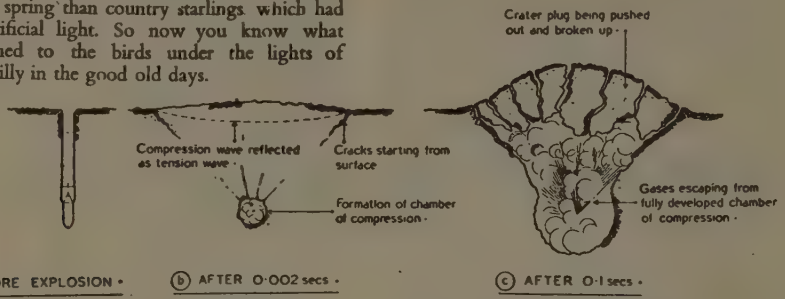
In cattle, and most animals which eat a great deal of grass, some of the processes of digestion are carried out by bacteria which live in the stomach. An ingenious use of this fact has recently been suggested and may prove of great value in feeding our cattle under the blockade conditions. The foodstuffs which farmers are most short of are the oilcakes and other concentrates by which they used to give body-building proteins to their stock during winter. The missing proteins are too complicated for us to manufacture synthetically, but it has been discovered that some of the bacteria in the cow's stomach can assimilate simpler substances and build them up into proteins; then the cow can digest the bacteria, and use their proteins to make milk or flesh. Instead of making cow-food, then, we have to make bacteria-food, and for that simple compounds are sufficient, such as urea or ammonia salts, which can be manufactured on a large scale from coal and air. The method promises well, although opinion among agricultural experts is not yet completely convinced that it will work in practice. But it is being intensively tested, and may come into commercial use in the near future.

NIGHT-LIFE OF LONDON'S BIRDS

The black-out must have had a chastening effect on London's birds. It was discovered a few years ago, by an American biologist, Dr. Bissonnette, that light has a stimulating effect on the sexual life of birds, and indeed

of many other animals. He was in this way able to explain one of the long-standing puzzles of biology—why most animals breed only in the spring. He showed that it was an automatic response to the lengthening days. As a check on the theory, when he was in England he examined some starlings from London, which had artificial light at night as well as normal daylight. He found that they came into breeding condition earlier in the spring than country starlings which had no artificial light. So now you know what happened to the birds under the lights of Piccadilly in the good old days.

When a bomb buries itself in the ground and explodes, it sets up a compression wave, which moves off rapidly in all directions. It is reflected from the free surface as a wave of tension, which causes cracks in the earth. All this takes place within a few thousandths of a second, but the actual explosion lasts considerably longer. An explosion consists in the rapid conversion of a



BOMB CRATERS

PROFESSOR J. D. BERNAL has recently explained in detail how a bomb crater is formed. The process is like a croquet shot with a follow-through. It is easiest to understand if we take it in two parts. Suppose first you have two croquet balls touching one another, and that you hit one of them a jab with no follow-through. As everyone knows, the ball that was hit does not move very far, whereas the other one which is being croqueted may shoot off to the other side of the lawn; hence the fun of the game, if any. The mechanism is as follows. The mallet compresses the part of the ball it hits. The material of this compressed part is squeezed up against the next lot of material, and compresses that, but in doing so it is bounced back again to its original position. Thus a region-of-compression travels through the material of the two balls (with the speed of sound, as a matter of fact) as a so-called compression wave. All goes well until this wave reaches the free surface of the second ball. The compressed material then finds nothing to bounce back off, and therefore tends to fly away. It is held back by the cohesion of the material, and exerts a tension or pull on the region immediately behind it. This, as you can easily see, acts just like the compression, and travels back through the balls as a reflected tension wave. When it comes to the junction between the two balls, there is no cohesion to hold the second ball on to the first; and the second 'croqueted' ball moves away.

solid or liquid into gases which occupy a much larger volume. In an ordinary bomb explosion, the formation and expansion of the gases takes about a tenth of a second. During this time, these gases are pushing on the earth already weakened by the tension cracks; it is like the follow-through phase of a croquet shot, when one wants both balls to travel a longish distance.

The final crater we see is usually about filled with earth which has been blown out of it, and fallen back in again; the true crater is about double the size of the apparent one.

BIGGER BIG TREES

THE biggest living things are the giant redwood trees (*Sequoias*) of California, which have about ten times the bulk of the largest whales. Size is controlled by the hereditary factors which lie in the chromosomes inside the nuclei of the cells which make up the animal or plant. A drug known as colchicine (it is made from the yellow autumn crocus (*Colchicum*)) upsets the growth of the cells in such a way that the number of chromosomes, and thus of hereditary factors, is doubled; and for some reason, not fully understood, plants with double the normal number of chromosomes are usually giants. *Sequoia* seeds treated with colchicine have already grown leaves and twigs thicker than normal, and there is not much doubt that when they grow to full stature they will be taller than the normal redwoods.

Has Music a Practical Value?

by RICHARD FREYMANN

Based exclusively on passive enjoyment, music is inadequate—it is argued—to modern needs. 'Applied music' of the future, by serving practical as well as æsthetic purposes, will benefit all sections of the community

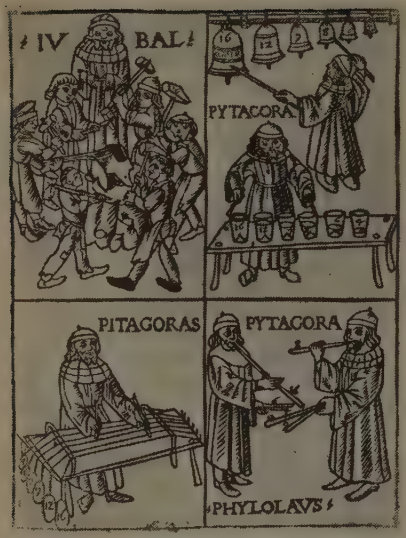
So far the possibilities of music in wartime—as a means of increasing production, for example, maintaining morale, or relieving strain—have not been adequately exploited. This may be attributable partly to apathy in official circles, but is due also to the musician's failure to understand the elements that lie outside the region of 'enjoyment music', ignorance that is the less excusable because they have played a more important part in the history of music than the purely æsthetic element. Historical examples of the non-æsthetic effects of music exist in abundance.

Music has been used to assist work in ships, in the fields and on the rivers. We are all familiar with the sea-shanties and the song of the Volga Boatmen. In ancient times and also during the Middle Ages it was applied to educational and ethical purposes. Music has even been employed to cure viper bites! It is reported to have been the only remedy for the dreaded 'dancing madness' which flared across Europe in the fourteenth century. Last year we heard of music being used as a dope, when the Nazis occupied Oslo and, by drawing large crowds to superficially innocuous band concerts, diverted the people from the realisation of what was actually happening to them.

Although as long ago as 1923 Dr. Agnes Savill published her authoritative book on the subject of 'applied music', musicians for the most part continue to think almost exclusively in terms of the conventional concert-performance or of the passive sort of enjoyment, even when trying to find some way of easing the war strain which everyone is having to endure.

It is obvious that in wartime the reviving and soothing elements in music are extremely valuable. To revive and speed up human activity we have military band music and—a recent acquisition—'Music While You Work'. Of band music, which need not be either tainted with the smell of cheap patriotism, or regarded as dope in the Nazi sense, we are not making enough use. An increase in the number of good band concerts in public places and on the radio would certainly be of great help in maintaining public morale.

'Music While You Work', first employed by the Industrial Health Research Board and the National Institute of Industrial Psychology in their fight against the boredom that arises from repetition work, is an effective means of refreshing body and spirit in this war of machines. By its skilful application, renewed energy is infiltrated into the



'He was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ.' (Genesis iv, 21.) Jubal, Noah's brother, is shown in one of the ancient woodcuts above. The others show Pythagoras, who also was a musical pioneer—notice some of his amazingly modern instruments

worker while he is actually working, counteracting to a certain extent the effects of fatigue without invading his spare time. So long as this process does not merely further the employer's personal ends, securing unjustifiable speeding up with a view to increased profits, the workers have in general welcomed it. But, unfortunately, its good effects are somewhat marred by the character of the programmes that the B.B.C. selects and sends out twice daily. By sheer reiteration, the 'latest tunes', usually of the lowest musical quality, are certain to end in monotony, however successful they may prove at first. Ideally 'Music While You Work' requires the co-operation of modern composers of both serious and dance music with executive musicians and industrial psychologists, in order to discover exactly what music, including good jazz and folk-music, is best suited to its purpose.

But the music most suitable for workers during work hours is not necessarily the best for soldiers. Here the attack on boredom and nostalgia should be carried out by means both of concerts and of amateur musical activity among the soldiers themselves. The concerts should be both of good quality and easy to appreciate. They should be kept strictly apart from variety and music-hall shows. The musical amateur movement should be based on community singing and extensive instrumental activity, both of which, in conjunction with adult education, should help to bring the majority of the men into closer touch with what is good in art.

The soothing and alleviating effects of music are just as vital in wartime as its stimulating potentialities. The strain of totalitarian war is incalculable, and so is the emotion that accumulates within us —civilians and fighting men alike. Emotion, if not at once given outlet in action, causes 'cramp and spasm of the organs', as Dr. Agnes Savill says, 'suspending their function and leading to exhaustion of the nervous system'. Music is truly a kind of nerve food, to be strongly recommended to anyone whose nerves have suffered severely, as, for instance, after a 'blitz'. It has a marked influence on pulse and blood circulation. Suitably used, it can often induce the state of equilibrium so easily lost and so much to be sought after at the present time, especially in extreme cases of shock, when interest in life has flagged and the human motor is running at its lowest.

The soothing quality of music, already recognised during ancient and primitive times and the Middle Ages, might well have been utilised in our own time,

when we were at peace; now that we are at war its therapeutical value assumes imperative importance. Psychotherapeutists, whether in hospital or private practice, should form or have access to musical groups which could provide suitable music for both the passive-soothing and the active-stimulating therapeutical use of music. At the same time, authorities responsible for the distribution of music in wartime should establish libraries from which a wide and liberal selection of records could be available for people who would like to 'recuperate' after a heavy air-raid, or from the reception of bad news, and thus counteract as quickly as possible the 'spasm' resulting from an accumulation of emotion.

The development of 'applied music' will be more successful as the old musical order, based exclusively on passive enjoyment, disappears. Musical life needs to be reshaped. The social attitude towards music must be reconsidered in the full light of all the scientific achievements of the past half-century, particularly in the fields of accoustics, history, sociology and psychology. Reform will be based, as Mr. J. B. Priestley points out, on 'some active co-operation of the audience'. In other words, its foundation will be the creative forces existing, to a greater or less degree, within every individual. The passive form of enjoyment will not, and must not, disappear, but it will have to be reformed, developed and expanded, so that all classes of people may share in its æsthetic enjoyment.

In my opinion music is destined in the future to play a much more vital part in the life of the nation than in the past. It will influence many spheres of life besides that of the purely artistic. It will serve practical as well as hedonistic

Curing the St. Vitus Dance by music and a pilgrimage (after a drawing by Pieter Brueghel)

Plato charming animals with his music (Persian design)

purposes, and, by virtue of its quality as a stepping-stone between the conscious and the unconscious, will be instrumental in clearing the approaches to the unconscious within man. All this will happen the more speedily if during the war, music is employed in the various ways I have mentioned, since new ideas adopted of necessity during a war

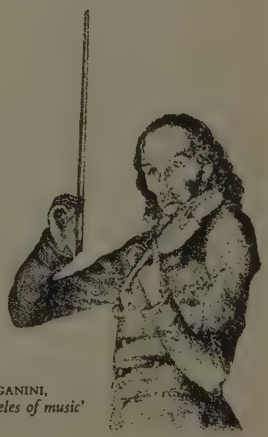
frequently become welcome institutions in the subsequent peace.

One of the strongest pillars of a new post-war life, based on a wider social justice and belief in the positive and constructive forces in man, will certainly be youth. Music, like all the arts, can be of the greatest use in preparing youth for this new life if a revised ideal of musical education, at school and in youth organisations, is adopted now. This ideal must have as its primary aim the development of creative forces in children and adolescents. The test of executive ability, hitherto regarded as the corner stone of musical education and the cause of much of the dislike or derision expressed by so many people when they are brought in contact with what is misleadingly termed 'classical' music, must become of secondary importance. To be 'musical', in the present sense of the term, will lose much of its present significance.

In the light of these observations, it must be evident that the post-war education of both creative and re-productive musicians will also have to be reformed. Incredible as it may sound, there will not be enough music available for all the various non-æsthetic uses to which it will be put.

A further aim must be the creation of good, but easily assimilated, modern music that will help the undeveloped listener in his progress towards the appreciation of great and enduring masterpieces. Many more avenues will be thrown open for those who are musically gifted to make use of their special talent for the benefit of the nation. In addition to soloists, conductors, orchestra and band players, music teachers, writers on music and sound experts, who at present represent the musical profession, there will be research workers, youth leaders, and therapeutists. But in order to harmonise the new musical order, ultimately based on 'active co-operation' and creative forces, with the new social order which we should like to see emerging out of the present darkness, the reformed education of musicians must include equal opportunites for all who have musical gifts, and, on the completion of their training, positions guaranteed by the State. And every student should spend part of his study time in factory, shipyard or coal-mine, or on the land; for modern musical reform can only succeed if the musician has acquired—as Leonard W. Doob expresses it—'a knowledge of the people who will be affected and of the physical and social environments confronting these people'.

The final goal of the music-reformer is the re-introduction of the fullest power of music into human life for the benefit of the whole people.



NICOLO PAGANINI,
'the Mephistopheles of music'

ALEXANDER I *receives an enthusiastic welcome from a lady of Billingsgate when visiting London. A famous Cruikshank drawing*

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

A History of the Government of the Emperor Alexander I

reviewed by EUGENE K. ILIYN

Few rulers had a higher conception of their responsibilities than Alexander I of Russia. He was the first crowned head to dream of Federation, though his dreams were frustrated. Nikolai P. Bogdanovitch's 'A history of the Government of the Emperor Alexander I' is reviewed by a well-known Russian novelist and playwright

No Russian Tsar ascended the throne amidst such general enthusiasm as did Alexander I. No other Tsar has so much attracted the attention of historians, novelists, scholars, and poets.

Only four years after his 'official' death there appeared a book by the Countess de Choiseul-Coustier entitled *Memoires historiques sur l'Empereur Alexandre*. It was the beginning of a whole library on this enigmatical ruler, for it was followed by a great variety of works by his Russian and foreign contemporaries, all of which attempt to solve the riddle of this puzzling life.

The most interesting of these books is *The History of the Government of the Emperor Alexander I*, by Nikolai P. Bogdanovitch, published in 1869, an English edition appearing in 1871. The author tells how Alexander came to the throne with a broad programme which he intended to carry out with far more statesmanship and vigour than any of his predecessors had shown. This programme was the product of two distinct influences. First, the influence of political ideas which he had thought out for himself; second, the influence of his personal observations during his travels in Russia. Yet his reactions to these influences were strongly conditioned by the education he had received. Indeed, this education was the mainspring of his life and activity, and thus an important factor in Russian history as a whole.

Even in his childhood Alexander stood between two conflicting elements: Katherina, his grandmother, and his father Paul. Katherina, being much attracted by Rousseau's teachings—which her son hated—took upon herself the task of imbuing the future Tsar with the ideas of 'Emile'. She personally selected two teachers. One was a Swiss republican, La Harpe, an inspired adherent of the highest political ideas and the Liberal movement, while for his moral education she chose the Russian poet Muravjev, who couched his ideas in somewhat sentimental verses. All La Harpe's teaching was permeated with the ideas of Justice, Equality, and especially Freedom, and also, naturally, a hatred of slavery. Muravjev, for his part, dwelt with enthusiasm on his favourite themes of love for mankind and freedom of thought.

The future ruler knew nothing of ordinary school-life. At fifteen he listened with enthusiasm to La Harpe's ideas, but they did not foster the education of a future enlightened monarch: they were but a beautiful, spiritual emotion. Then came his marriage. At sixteen his grandmother married him to the Princess Marie Louise of Baden. After his marriage Alexander's education ceased. Life

with his grandmother and military service with his father were his two worlds. In his grandmother's company he met great men, thinkers, politicians, philosophers. Beside his father he knew only the law of the barracks, the horrors (to him) of a soldier's life. Thus, wandering uncomfortably between two poles, he approached the throne. His thoughts and his heart were filled with a high idealism. He came to the throne with the naïve idea that he should manage everything himself and take not the slightest notice of any opposition. But, of course, this remained a hope only. He collected about him a number of statesmen who were imbued with the same ideas as himself, and who proceeded to prepare various reforms. The first reform was the introduction of a constitution.

This constitution, however, brought into existence a new institution called the 'Permanent Council'. This Council carried out state business under the personal presidency of the Tsar. Alexander himself was well aware that things were not turning out as he had intended; but on all sides invisible powers stood in his way. The weakness and insufficiency of his education now began to manifest itself. So long as there were no disturbances everything went splendidly. But the moment difficulties appeared he was lost.

When he was only eighteen he wanted to abdicate, live in quiet solitude and occupy himself with natural science. He obtained some relief from his difficulties, however, when he summoned a man named Speransky to be his chief adviser. Speransky, the son of a village priest, was of comparatively humble birth; yet he had the makings of a great statesman. Highly cultured, he had spent many years abroad learning the principles of modern government. Now, with the Tsar's encouragement, he elaborated a new plan to rebuild the Russian State on new principles.

Of all the reforms the plan promised this was the most important for Russia: the deliverance of the Russian peasant, who existed in a condition of abject serfdom.

This plan, upon which Alexander himself worked from the first line to the last, is one of the most interesting documents that occur in Russian history. It was, however, impossible to put the plan into full effect. For one thing, the Russian people were not ripe enough to take advantage of it. Also, the march of events in the country prevented its realisation. The war against Napoleon postponed, and indeed pushed back, all social reform. Alexander now threw all his strength into the fight against Napoleon. For in Napoleon he saw the most evil representative of despotism, a foul usurper who wanted to crush the entire world beneath his yoke, a man who personified all that La Harpe had taught him to hate and despise. And he saw in himself the man to free the world from tyranny and despotism.

Bogdanovitch makes it clear that Alexander's lack of success in reforming Russia drove him to the other extreme of wanting to make the whole world happy. Now, with a touching faith that he had been divinely appointed for the task, he tried to use all the powers involved in the struggle against Napoleon to help him further his aims.

In the second half of his reign, after the victory over Napoleon, Alexander concerned himself little with the internal affairs of Russia. His attention was centred on the reorganisation of Europe. In Paris, in 1815, after the Congress of Vienna, he proposed to the Austrian Emperor and the King of Prussia that as a first step towards European federation a Holy Alliance should be formed which would guarantee the preservation of peace. This alliance was to be based on Christian principles, the highest law in the life of the peoples of all European lands. The document that concludes the alliance provides yet further evidence of how profoundly La Harpe's lessons in his boyhood had influenced him.

It was not long before it became evident that Alexander's idea lacked vital power. The English Prince Regent refused to add his signature to the alliance, for English custom permitted the monarch to undertake no personal obligations Alexander refused to allow any of his minister. to assist him to construct the alliance. His letters clearly show his reasons for this. He feared that professional politicians would deviate from his idea, that, through scepticism and in accordance with the demands of practical politics, they would destroy a holy ideal. And in this he was right. As Prince Czartorisky has pointed out, Alexander had been sufficiently disappointed in his ministers; he knew that he would have to attempt to carry out his plan for European federation alone. But disappointment came quickly. Metternich dishonestly used the Holy Alliance in his struggle against the liberal elements in Europe. The defence of Legitimism had come to involve police interference in the internal affairs of other states. Therefore at the congresses of Aachen, Troppau, Leibach and Verona, Metternich, in the name of the Holy Alliance, evolved a statute by which it was legally directed against all nationalist and

revolutionary movements. The fate of the Greek and the Belgian insurrections proved that the Holy Alliance ran aground when confronted with real facts and therefore was certain to fall to pieces. This was Alexander's great sorrow. And here also the weakness of his education shows itself. He did not possess the strength to overcome his sorrow. He turned his back on liberal idealism and fell into a state of dull indifference. He handed over his kingly responsibilities to Araktschejev, a subordinate officer, whereupon Russia was thrown back to the miserable condition of Paul I's day.

Bogdanovitch then turns to the last tragic chapter of Alexander's life. Leaving politics to others with harder heads and hearts, the Tsar now buried himself in religious mysticism. He was surrounded by suspicious characters of the Rasputin type. But Alexander saved himself from them only to meet a personal tragedy. His wife had been ill for many years. His happiness depended on his only child, the daughter of his mistress Narischkina. The child died in his arms of tuberculosis. It was the last blow. He now buried himself still more deeply in religion, trying to seek deliverance from his sorrows. The revolutionary movement of the Dekabrists swirled about him. Officers of the Guard who had returned from the march on Paris filled with the idea of freedom, hatched a plot. Araktschejev informed his master what was afoot. But Alexander refused to punish the rebels, for he said that everything was in God's hands. In 1825 he travelled south with his wife and died.

Soon, however, there happened two important events: the rebellion of the Dekabrists, and the birth of the rumour that Alexander was not dead but had gone as a pilgrim, under the name of Feodor Kusmitsch, to Siberia in order to do penance for his sins. There is a huge literature concerning this hidden and mysterious chapter of Alexander's life. According to most of these works, he died, an old man of ninety, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Tomsk, the Siberian capital.

Inscribed on the grave of Feodor Kusmitsch, which is to be found in a small chapel near Tomsk, are these words: 'Here lies a noble man who fought against all the vanity of the world, who served justice, who wished happiness to all men, and who died as God's servant in all simplicity.' There is a picture on each side of the grave. One shows the Tsar Alexander I; the other depicts a white-haired old man, clad in simple peasant clothes, who greatly resembles the Tsar.

ART FRONT

NEW ROOMS, WAR ARTISTS EXHIBITION. NATIONAL GALLERY

ANYONE who claims to take an interest in art should make regular visits to the National Gallery War Exhibition. Each month there are new pictures on view providing a cross-section of much of the best work being done to-day. Two new rooms have lately been opened, which include the work of several painters who are shaping the artistic consciousness of the time. Very special attention should be paid to them because it is of great importance that you should try to decide for yourself what these pictures mean. Think of them as things which stand in the dynamic stream of actual existence: as something in the making, whose activity can be shared. Museums have tended to teach us that works of art are the record of experiences which have been concluded, in a time often remote from our own, and in doing so they have done a great disservice to the cause of a living art.

I should like you to take careful notice of a group of paintings by Graham Sutherland, two of bales of burnt paper and two of East End ruins. Desolation by fire is here expressed with imagination and peculiar poignancy. It is only now that one realises that Sutherland was unconsciously preparing himself to express this kind of devastation for many years before air-raids began. He possessed foreknowledge of the twistings of fallen lift-shafts: he had dreamt of shape reduced to tortured clinkers.

The composition entitled 'East End. Houses of the poor' has grandeur of proportion and unusual tonal power. He shows an extraordinary resourcefulness in the use of different textures. The combination of these particular blacks, crimsons and yellows is most original. The dark backgrounds and lowered tone of the more distant shapes remind one of the technical machinery of the Old Masters.

The use of black is becoming increasingly characteristic of some of the best contemporary painting and seems to suggest that no further debt is likely to be owed to the Impressionists for many years to come. In Sutherland's case it is something I particularly enjoy. His pictures are more sombre in tone than any painting since El Greco and Carravagio. Sutherland's compositions are charged with the atmosphere of crisis: Chamberlain cried 'Peace in our time' beneath one of his ominous skies!

In his two drawings of men 'Repairing Telephone Cables', V. Pitchforth has discovered a new subject, and one which is specially suited to his interpretation. Number 2 is excellent and suggests human beings performing an operation inside a giant, an idea which is evoked by the severed cables and splayed-out wires, which remind one of the bright veins and arteries of anatomical drawings.

Barnett Freedman has made an able record of 'Guns under Camouflage'. The recessions are well arranged and the rag-covered netting is drawn with great ingenuity and skill.

There are some interesting new drawings by Eric Ravilious and Edward Bawden and a large composition by Stanley Spencer.

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

THERE are probably not half-a-dozen Englishmen who realise the storm of passion and of anguish that swept over Dublin when the death of Mr. Parnell was announced. Strong men wept like children, women hissed out curses in the streets, and for days and nights a brooding horror of bereavement haunted a thousand homes. The Irish 'keen' over the dead: we have nothing like it in our undemonstrative land. And when Parnell fell, a whole nation joined in the death-dirge with an intensity to which we as a nation are strangers. The blow was so terribly sudden, the disaster so final and irremediable. In the presence of death, detraction was mute. Men but remembered the services of their chief, while even his lawless love added a poignancy to the pang with which they remembered the home left doubly desolate, and the heart that had lost 'its king and its lord'.

THERE is a little unrest visible in the heart of Central Asia. The champagne of Cronstadt is making itself felt on the furthest border of Russian Turkestan. Russia is moving—how, no one knows—in the Pamirs, the lofty tableland that lies behind the Himalayas, where Russia, China, and Afghanistan meet. There are several Pamirs: one of them lies in Afghan Badakshan, another joins Cashmere. With these it is to be hoped Russia will not meddle; elsewhere she can do as she pleases so far as we are concerned. Trade is springing up between Russia and Afghanistan, a fact which will ultimately have political consequences. With China, Russia's relations seem less amicable, and it is possible the movement in the Pamir country is directed more against the Manchu Empire than against the Afghans. The Chinese, however, have shown more disposition to fulfil their treaty obligations, and it is hoped the danger in the Treaty ports will pass. If Russia chose to support the fanatical party, she might make no end of trouble in China, where it seems almost as difficult to suppress an insurrection as it is in Arabia, where the latest news announces that so far from the insurgents being disposed of, the Turkish commander insists upon 40,000 troops in order to restore the authority of the Sultan.

THE German Emperor has launched another of his manifestoes, this time against the infamous wretches who make a livelihood out of the unfortunate women of the streets. The German law against such criminals is already so severe that among the foreign refugees of London, a considerable number are those who have fled from German justice to a land where it is not a crime to live on the prostitution of a woman. The French Government, in this respect, vieing with the German Emperor in the effort to suppress criminal vice, has introduced a Bill into the Chamber increasing the penalties against the keepers and bullies of houses of ill-fame. This is all in the right direction. The law, which formerly was directed solely against the women, is now being turned against the men who expend their wretched earnings.

IF the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had been founded in the Middle Ages, it might possibly have claimed, with the infantile audacity of childlike faith, its association with the angels of the little ones of whom we read in the Gospel. It would have been the Holy Order of the Angelic Helpers, or, mayhap, the Holy Order of St. Benjamin under the protection of the Children's Angels. Its articles would have been approved by the Pope, its officers would have worn the distinctive garb of a religious fraternity, and Mr. Benjamin Waugh, instead of being Honorary Director of the Society, would have been the Father-General of the Order. Other times bring other customs, but the essentials remain unchanged, and in the growth of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, we see the same familiar phenomena that accompanied the foundation of the great charitable religious orders of the Middle Ages.

The Writer in Wartime

'World Review' begins an investigation of the problems of literature and book production in wartime. John Brophy, author of our first article, is a distinguished novelist, critic and editor of an important literary weekly

THE fundamental question facing the serious professional writer in wartime Britain is whether or not he is to be an 'escapist'. Some British writers, both high-brow and popular, have taken up residence in the U.S.A.; among them are Auden, Isherwood, Cronin, Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, John Collier, Cecil Roberts. How they justify their action is not publicly known, and, while judgment is suspended, the facts are certainly being noted. But the great majority of the professional writers of Britain remain at home, and have no wish to be elsewhere. Except for a lucky few who can live in remote 'safe areas', they cannot and do not expect to evade the duties, privations, dangers and stresses of war. The writer is a citizen in a democracy. If he is of military age and fit he goes into one of the Services, or perhaps persuades himself, and others, that his intellectual ability is of more value to the country in a Government appointment. If he is over military age he is almost certainly giving up his spare time to the Home Guard or Civil Defence.

The war, therefore, directly encroaches on the writer's private life, inflicting on him a greater burden than on the non-creative citizen, for his leisure hours are normally devoted not merely to rest and recreation, but to observing and collecting impressions of the outer world as raw material for future writing. Is the war to dominate his work also? Can he escape from the war in writing?

The answer depends very much on what kind of books he writes. If he is an historian, a philosopher, a critic, a scientific expositor, he may well be able to keep the war and his work apart, and think himself a lucky man. But if he is a poet, a novelist, a playwright, a commentator on affairs, the solution is not so simple. Hitherto he will have depended very much on the contemporary flow of events, both for material and stimulus, and the war will provide plenty of both. But the day-to-day stimulus of the British scene in wartime is over-intense, chaotic, subject to violent and contradictory fluctuations. The material—themes, characters, incidents, ideas—arrives in overwhelming and bewildering profusion. A book is not written in a day or two: it requires a sustained creative effort over months, even years. By the time he is half-way through, the writer may find that his starting point is obsolete, and he himself has become a different person with a different outlook. That is why books about wartime conditions written during a war are so often superficial, even when they come from writers whose standards are high. There is a plentiful supply of the Wordsworthian emotion, but the tranquillity in which it should be recollected is more difficult than ever to achieve.

It is not to be wondered at that many writers, therefore, ignore the war when they go to their desks. They argue, probably, that international conflicts are but temporary disturbances of permanent values, and the time to write about

the war will be when it is all safely over. Meanwhile, they concern themselves with a bygone period which can be seen in stable perspective, or else write about the 'normal' state of society before the war. This, I confess, is a solution which I myself accepted in 1939 and 1940. Now, by chance or by force of circumstance, I have adopted into my writing a view that I held in my private life some time before September 1939, that this is a war unlike all previous wars, a war of revolution in which Democracy will defeat Fascism only by putting into effect—for the first time—the democratic principles for which it is fighting. When peace has been achieved, both the State and the individual will be, not wholly, but in many essentials, changed. The good old days have gone for ever. Therefore there is no 'normal' life except the life of to-day to write about. Therefore there are no past periods to be seen in stable perspective. The whole of the past must be examined again, and its history rewritten, when the war is over. The writer is a citizen, with the duties of a citizen, not only in his private life, but in his function as a writer. He must take his world as he finds it, and if this makes his task as a writer more difficult, he must accept that challenge also. Such is my own view of this problem.

The economic situation of writers in wartime is not easy to estimate. Even before the war only a small minority made a decent living out of writing, and very few of that minority were able to rely on their books for the whole of their income: they made it up by contributing to the press. A surprisingly large number of established writers had private incomes or else salaried employment: royalties and editorial fees were merely an additional revenue. The wartime paper shortage and the closing down of many periodicals has reduced the market considerably. Yet for the writer who has survived these conditions by luck or ability or both, there are several economic tendencies which work in his favour. Competition is less severe because younger writers are on active service, and many of the older ones have taken Government posts. The public reads more than ever. Broadcasting, not merely the Home Services but the Empire, North American and foreign transmissions, demands scripts every day. And, despite reductions in size and circulation, the Press is always eager for articles and stories from those who have the ability to write them well. On the whole I should say that while the critical standard for books has been lowered by the war, for Press contributions it has gone up. And while that may not be good for literature, it does help to keep the able writer and his family alive.

James Agate has very well defined the difference between the professional writer and the amateur by saying that the amateur waits for inspiration to come to him and frequently complains that he is not in the mood, while the professional turns out his copy even when his heart and soul and body revolt against the very idea of writing. In brief, the professional is never short of something to write about. His only problem is to find time to write it all down on paper as he knows it ought to be written. While the war lasts, these difficulties are intensified by the distraction of news and events day by day, sometimes hour by hour; by war work using up the writer's time and energy; and by the greater diversity of stimuli, providing him with an excess of novel kinds of potential copy. Good writing is the product of a special ability, conscientiously trained and practised, which is expended with extreme intensity during periods of great mental and emotional concentration. And all the wartime distractions listed above fight against this necessary concentration.

Perhaps it will serve as an explanation if I give a glimpse of my own weekly life in wartime. I am Second in Command of a Home Guard Company of four hundred men, with direct command of two platoons, which means that almost every day of the week I have to take parades and field exercises, give lectures, deal with innumerable forms and correspondence, and settle dozens if not hundreds of personal and technical problems, as well as visiting guards and observation posts in the middle of the night. All this takes time and energy, and gives me no financial return; in fact, it costs quite a bit of money to carry out these Home Guard duties. Then—this is something which, perhaps, could happen only in wartime—I am editing a literary weekly which, mercifully for me, has become a fortnightly. That means two and a half days a week in an office. I contribute a weekly article to a Sunday newspaper, and occasional articles and short stories to other periodicals. I broadcast frequently to America and the Empire, and write scripts for broadcasts to Mexico and other countries. If I could give one week to one of these diverse activities, and the next to another, my life would be simpler. But as it is they all come into each week, and often into each day. In the midst of them I try to keep going in my private thoughts the developing theme of a novel I am at work

upon, and try to get in a few weekly periods of three to four consecutive hours for writing it. In some such mental hurly-burly I believe a great number of professional writers are working to-day. Sustained concentration is the essential condition of good creative work, and wartime conditions conspire against concentration.

Is all this bad for the writer, bad for contemporary English literature? If the conditions were to continue indefinitely, I should answer decidedly, Yes. But if they are temporary, their effect on the writer may prove on the whole to be good. Unless he turns whole-heartedly escapist, he is at least preserved from the danger of losing the common touch, of creating an unreal world in his study, an ivory tower in his mind where his foibles and weaknesses are never bruised. Even if, because he takes his material too raw, too rashly selected, the books he writes in wartime are less than his best, the effort to grapple with a tremendous experience will later stand him in good stead. Writing for the wartime moment, if it is done sincerely, may prove the best preparation for writing, after a lapse of time, to capture that elusive Grail, the attention of posterity. The two qualities which all true artists have in common are sensibility and vitality. Sensibility does not evade experience, but responds more keenly and delicately. And vitality is not exhausted but renewed by being expended.

Possibly a generation yet unborn may produce writers better able to interpret what is happening to Britain now than any of us who live in the midst of all this history-making. But I doubt if any writer who here and now turns his back on the war and refuses his share of the common experience will be able later to form a picture of Britain at war which will satisfy those who took an active part.

SAFETY IN FLIGHT

By Assen Jordanoff. *Funk & Wagnalls.* $3. It takes an American to mix the serious discussion of aeronautics with comic strips. Mr. Jordanoff, who has twenty-five years of flying experience and was associated with the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, has written two very popular works on aviation and caps them with a third which sets out in lively chapters and many illustrations how a flyer can be safe *and* good. Though the R.A.F. bŏys are hardly likely to consult Mr. Jordanoff, his Flying Dodo points to the fact that there are many thousands of amateur aviators in the U.S.A. who can still afford the petrol to go off for the weekend by plane.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

By Virginia Cowles. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d. An extremely intelligent and interesting book, though its substance cannot bring anything new. Finland, Spain, France, Soviet Russia—of which Miss Cowles has a very bad opinion indeed—the Czech tragedy and the Battle of Britain—all these have been described in innumerable volumes, yet Miss Cowles, roving reporter of American and British papers, has shrewd comments to offer, and some of her character sketches —especially that of Ciano, Mussolini, and some Spaniards—are brilliant. It is a pity, however, that the unhappy Austrian Chancellor's name should be spelt Schüssnig, and that of the President of the Czech Republic Benesch. But these and similar mistakes are minor blemishes in a very readable volume.

MY HEY-DAY

By Virginia Faulkner. *Hale.* 3s. 6d. A nonsensical skit on international society and almost a period piece to-day when the said society is more or less gone (or is it still lingering in the Bahamas and Palm Beach?). Princess Tulip Murphy is perfectly executed; a happy mixture of Becky Sharp, Mrs. Malaprop and the blonde whom gentlemen prefer.

HOLLAND FIGHTS THE NAZIS

By L. De Jong. *Lindsay Drummonds.* 5s. First of a series entitled *Europe Under the Nazis.* A restrained and detailed account of Holland's tragedy and incessant fight against the Nazi oppressor. Especially interesting are the chapters about the Dutch Nazis and the present political parties.

LETTERS FROM THE CORSICAN

A series of communications from Napoleon Bonaparte to Adolf Hitler. *Heinemann.* 3s. 6d. These anonymous, indeed imaginary, letters reflect some of the pungency with which Quentin Reynolds addressed Goebbels ('Are you listening, Dr. Goebbels?') over the radio. The parallel between the Corsican and the Bohemian corporal has been strengthened by the attack on Russia. The spirit of Napoleon has some interesting advice to offer on the loyalty of Allies, on how to conquer America, on General Hunger and the climate of St. Helena—but we doubt whether the spirit of these communications is Gallic enough. Sometimes, indeed, it echoes the more insular tones of the Carlton Club.

What New Books Shall I Read? . .

MOST of us, in these grim times, not only read more, but actually *buy* more new books. The shrewd reader says, however: "I don't want to miss the best new works, but can't waste money on buying them haphazard".

May we submit a proposal? Why not allow outstanding books to be *suggested* by a team of expert book-tasters, who read the proofs in advance, and select one new title for each month? Why not then let us send you this book on the day before publication, *for your acceptance or rejection?*

THE MONTHLY BOOK

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CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER, R.N.	REBECCA
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS	ENGLISH SAGA
HATTER'S CASTLE	I, CLAUDIUS
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THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER

By Harvey Cushing. *Oxford University Press.* 21s. This monumental work of 1,417 pages was reissued in a one-volume edition because it was considered to be one of the foremost contributions to the literature of medicine. In this case the biographer's stature was hardly less impressive and important than that of his subject, for Harvey Cushing has rendered services to medicine comparable to those of the great Canadian. Richly documented, never flagging in interest, the book is a splendid monument to a great man and also a considerable literary achievement. Beautifully printed and well illustrated.

THE SOUL OF YUGOSLAVIA

By H. D. Harrison. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 7s. 6d. The revolt of the Yugoslavs against being sold into Axis bondage has thrilled Britain, but comparatively few people know much about this sturdy and picturesque nation, its rulers and resources. Mr. Harrison has set out to give a complete and up-to-date picture of the country. There are some lovely illustrations and a lucid exposition of Yugoslav politics together with chapters on Sarajevo, Yugoslavia's neighbours, Dalmatia and Montenegro.

I BELIEVE

The Personal Philosophies of 23 Eminent Men and Women of our Time. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d. There is something awe-inspiring and humbling in the assembly of a score of eminent writers all superbly self-assured in their attitude towards life and its problems, each able to enunciate a clear-cut and self-satisfying *credo*. Were it the Nicene, or Athanasian, to which they subscribed, were they merely echoing the traditional beliefs of millions through the centuries, the effect would be less formidable; but these authors are individualists, whose articles of belief are based on individual reactions to life and affected by personal idiosyncrasies. In these days of fluid foundations and challenged standards such a symposium should inspire courage, even if it does not necessarily—because of its essential diversity—provide a completely satisfying rallying point. There are too many qualifications and notes of interrogation for the old-fashioned dogmatist, but doubtless everyone can endorse Julian Huxley's assertion that, in spite of everything, 'Life can be worth living'. Emphasis on the word '*can*'.

GERMANY POSSESSED

By H. G. Baynes. Introduction by Hermann Rauschning. *Cape.* 16s. 'This wicked man' and the evil forces of which he is alike embodiment and spearhead are here elaborately and impressively analysed by a gifted psychiatrist. Both leader and led (so intricate the phenomena have become that it is difficult at times to distinguish one from the other) are 'possessed'. Hitler is 'a medium whose power over the German people rests upon the same primitive foundation as that of the shaman. His prestige depends solely upon his power of calling to, and indeed personifying, the German unconscious. He manifests in his own person the spiritual disorder that has seized upon the whole nation. He is, in a single image, the living symbol, combining god and barbarian, the venerated and the outcast, invincible conqueror and primitive medicine man'. But is he leader, or led? Is it he, or his extremest disciple, who most nearly resembles 'a man tied to the tail of a charging bull'? And can he indeed be Fuehrer yet at the same time 'merely the voice of chaos'—the chaos of a river in flood? 'His infinite aims', says Dr. Baynes, 'are due to the fact that no human objective and no mortal will can any longer hold this untamed force and give it a reasonable shape. It has, therefore, become a rapacious monster, ever demanding new victims, successes, horizons. *The last thing Hitler can really want is to win the war. For then, having devoured the world, it will turn like Frankenstein's monster and rend its creator.*' And having lost the war, what then? Terrifying speculation. A relief to turn to the victors' functions, as calmly stated by Dr. Baynes. More than magnanimity will be required, he says, 'if we are to exorcise the evil spirit which possesses Germany. Our victory will be won on the spiritual field, when we have taken over Hitler's debt to mankind and given it a full and generous realisation'.

I SAW POLAND SUFFER

By A Polish Doctor. *Lindsay Drummond.* 5s. A new addition to the 'Europe under the Nazis' series. Written by a man who held an official position in Warsaw under German occupation, this book gives the most complete picture of terrorised Poland we have yet seen. The conquest, the looting, the humiliation, the thousand eyes for an eye policy, the calculated Nazi attempt to exterminate the Polish people or reduce them to slaves—it is all here, soberly told. The author sticks to facts, for well-presented facts make the most effective indictment against the Nazis. Gruesomely illustrated, it is a terrible and fascinating book.

RIDDLE OF THE REICH

By Wythe Williams, in collaboration with Dr. Albert Parry. *Hurst and Blackett*, 10s. 6d. Mr. Williams is an American newspaperman who has spent twenty-six years all over the world and has forecast many sensational events of history. In his new book he is setting out to answer many riddles in connection with Germany, but his answers are not too original and far too cautious. As for the next peace, after presenting the various possibilities for dealing with Germany, he merely declares that the U.S.A. must police and re-educate Europe and Asia 'until they can stand on their own feet without hurting or crowding anyone else.'

GREEN PRISON

By Leigh Williams. *Herbert Jenkins*. 12s. 6d. Thai, the Land of the Free, is very much in the news these days. Mr. Williams has spent twenty years in the jungles of Siam in search of teak and has written a sober, competent account of his adventures and experiences. The eight illustrations are rather disappointing.

VALLEY OF FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

By George Sava. *Faber*. 12s. 6d. Mr. Sava has written several good books on the 'human angle' of medicine; now he has produced a queer mixture of ethnography, history, legend and sheer invention. The first three are rather boring and inaccurate; the fourth is often amusing but pointless. Mr. Sava should stick to the surgery and keep out of the Caucasus—though we would like to know how his kidnapped sister's marriage to the handsome brigand has turned out in the end. *If* there was a sister, a kidnapping or a brigand. After reading this book one begins to doubt whether there ever was a place called Caucasus.

MODERN PUBLICITY IN WAR

Edited by F. A. Mercer and Grace Lovat Fraser. *Studio*. 12s. 6d. The mere fact that this 1941 edition of *Modern Publicity* could be published is a major triumph for British advertising and printing. A concise Introduction by Sir Cecil M. Weir is followed by an admirable analysis of commercial and state propaganda in wartime contributed by John Gloag. The advertisements reproduced show that the hardest facts can be brought home through humour and ingenuity. There is a small but adequate colour section. As a saga of British advertising during the Sitz and Blitzkrieg, this handsome volume is most gratifying to friends of good advertising 'copy' and faultless printing work.

BEHIND THE NAZI FRONT

By John McCutcheon Raleigh. *Harrap*. 10s. 6d. The author of this vivid book was *Chicago Tribune* correspondent in the Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia that he describes in their early war setting. His work has no literary pretensions, but relies on the evidence value of trained observation and straightforward—though by no means dull—reporting. Mr. Raleigh's job enabled him to learn very much more than he was permitted to disclose at the time—as, for example, at Munich, immediately after the explosion in the Beer Cellar—it is this censored material that now gives completeness to the picture. He says that Lord Haw-Haw (who has taken the German name of Frölich, which, translated, means 'joyous') and other foreigners broadcasting for the Reich, are 'disdained by everyone at the station, and even are avoided except to discuss technical questions regarding their broadcasts'.

HISTORY IN MY TIME

By Otto Strasser. Translated from the German by Douglas Reed. *Cape*. 10s. 6d. Its 262 pages contain about 262 reasons why the author should not be allowed to play any part in directing the destiny of post-Hitler Germany—in spite of the fact that Mr. Reed sponsors him as the Fuehrer's Nemesis. Much of the book is taken up by a history of the causes of the 1914–18 War, the 'inside story' of the Central Powers' defeat and of the Weimar Republic's failure. This is a period which has been discussed in hundreds of books with greater insight and far greater impartiality than that Herr Strasser brings into play. Although his version of 'Vittorio Veneto' may or may not be true, sometimes he displays amazing ignorance of long-established facts. On page 182 he declares 'When Hungarian bands marched into the Burgenland, after the rendition of this German province to Austria, the victors capitulated before force and gave Oedenburg back to the Hungarians'—conveniently forgetting that the fate of this town was decided by a plebiscite, supervised by Allied forces and conducted with absolute impartiality. Against his rabid anti-Semitism must be balanced his admiration for American and British military prowess; admiration, by the way, which hitherto he has kept as a deep secret. In these days of paper shortage it seems strange that so muddled and repetitious a book should be published. The translation is full of German expressions rendered over-faithfully. We prefer Mr. Reed's writing about Herr Strasser to his translating Herr Strasser writing 'history'.

WE HAVE SEEN EVIL

By Rom Landau. *Faber & Faber.* 7s. 6d. The author has little new to say about the much-discussed problems of Nazism and Fascism, though he presents neat vignettes of Hitler and Mussolini speaking in their respective countries. Incidentally he ought to decide whether Rosenberg's Christian name is Adolf or Alfred. And the use of 'Schiklgruber' for 'Hitler' is a little exaggerated throughout the book. There is a considerable discussion of the Christian attitude towards war and the next peace, but no startling suggestions or completely new ideas.

THE QUEST: EVOLUTION OF A SCIENTIST

By Leopold Infeld. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d. A gripping autobiography of a modern Ahasverus. Dr. Infeld was born in a Polish Ghetto, grew up in an uneasy Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, fought single-handed the military machine of Austria-Hungary in order to continue his studies during the first world war, obtained a small, inferior position at the University of Lwow, spent a year at Cambridge and finally, thanks to the unfailing kindness of Einstein, reached America and world-fame. For two years he was Einstein's sole collaborator and to-day holds a chair at Toronto University. This is a remarkable book, for Dr. Infeld is not only an eminent mathematician and physicist, but also a first-class writer. His style is vivid and original; his narrative always interesting. Of course, there are many anecdotes about the remarkable professor of Princeton University, but the main figure is Infeld himself, a symbol of the indomitable spirit of science. A 'Quest' with a happy ending in which all lovers of truth may rejoice.

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SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

Minerva Books

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TALES OF THE TATRAS

By Kazimierz Przerwa-Tet-Majer with drawings by Janina Konarska. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. These tales have been beautifully rendered into English from the original Polish, losing none of their original sparkle, tenderness, and surprise. Of their kind they are perfect, and they appeal alike to child and to grown-up. Many will discover in them something new in their *genre*.

FROM SERFDOM TO SELF-GOVERNMENT

Memoirs of a Polish Village Mayor, 1842-1927. Translated into English by William John Rose, Ph.D. With an Introduction by Stanislaw Kot, Ph.D. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net. These simple memoirs give a vivid picture of the life of Polish peasants at the period when, freed from serfdom, they were struggling to make use of their liberty; gradually their status improved and they began to take a share in public affairs.

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Souvenirs by J. H. Retinger. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. Mr. Retinger has described Conrad as he knew him, recorded his conversations, recalled his familiar haunts, his family and his friends, and has related what he heard from Conrad about himself and his art.

THE MEN FROM JAVA

By Jean Malaquais. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. *(October).* These men are not Javanese; they live in the South of France—but not the leisured pre-war South of France. Their home is a mining camp in the small Mediterranean town of Vaugelas. Their quarrels, their amours, their nostalgia provide M. Jean Malaquais with a wealth of material for his racy, intensely modern first novel, which won the Prix Renaudot last year.

POLISH PAINTING

By Henryk Gotlib. Preface by R. H. Wilenski. With 200 illustrations. Quarto. 21s. net. *(November).* The author of this detailed history of Polish painting is an artist of note and an outstanding personality in the contemporary art world of Poland. He traces the development of his country's art from the Middle Ages to the present day, assessing its value and studying the influences which in the course of ten centuries have moulded it to unfamiliar forms of beauty and technical skill.

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by J. T. Murphy. *Lane.* 3s. 6d.

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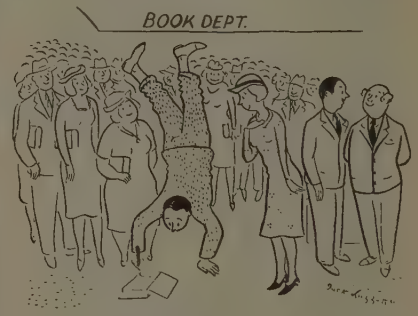
By Victor Gollancz. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.

The first of these books was written before the Nazi attack on Russia, while the second is dated just a month afterwards. Mr. Murphy has 'consistently predicted' the Russo-German conflict and makes a courageous attempt to explain the 'apparent inconsistencies and contradictions in Russian foreign policy.' Many of his proposals for British and Russian collaboration have been forestalled by the rapid events of the last few months, yet his book is a valuable contribution to the understanding of Soviet mentality. Mr. Gollancz in his book, which has sold four impressions within a month, pleads not only for immediate Anglo-Soviet collaboration but also for the revivifying of the socialist movement in Britain, while exposing the naivety and ineffectuality of the British Communist Party. His book calls for all possible aid to the Soviet Union and suggests a way by which the British way of life might be reconciled with complete socialism in the economic sphere.



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SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

ESCAPE FROM FRANCE

By 'Claire'. *Hale.* 2s. 6d. A refreshing change from all the over-elaborate stories of escape from the French *débâcle*, this book by an eighteen-year-old girl becomes deeply moving because of its very naivety and simple, straightforward description of the horrors she experienced. She lost her husband in the frightful stampede from Paris, but since she reached London has heard from him that he is alive and well. Her courage certainly deserves a speedy reunion.

ARTIST QUARTER

By Charles Douglas. *Faber.* 18s. 'Reminiscences of Montmartre and Montparnasse in the first two decades of the twentieth century,' and monotonously shady ones, too. If this was La Vie Boheme, then it is at least to the credit of the 1918 peace that it 'ironed it out', as the author says it did. The impression left by his book is of a sordid procession of tiresome 'drunks', deliberately dirty, consistently misbehaving themselves, apparently on the assumption that 'any true artist is inevitably a bit of a maniac.' Not that all the Bohemians were 'true artists', by a long chalk. Modigliani—or 'Modi'—the hero of the book, is described as 'the prince of Bohemians'. What an intolerable nuisance he must have been! His apologist cannot even put forward the plea of boyish irresponsibility, for he maintained his debauchery at the same fever heat ('Let everyone be free to destroy themselves in the fashion they chose,' a cynical Bohemian is quoted as saying) until alcohol, drugs and pulmonary meningitis carried him off at the age of thirty-six.

WAR FOR BRITAIN

By Donald Cowie. *Chapman & Hall.* 12s. 6d. This book opens with the quotation of Goering's prophecy that 'never again would Dominion troops fight a war for England', and continues with a convincingly factual refutation of it. Goering was not alone in his delusion. There were pessimists, even within the Empire, who at least had their doubts. But Goering and the pessimists based their conclusions on faulty premises. It is not for England, but for the British Commonwealth of Nations, that the Dominions are fighting; not for England, but for the English conception of freedom—free peoples and individual liberty. Any doubts that ever existed as to either the knight errantry or the virility of the nations within the Empire are completely swept away by this book, and a copy should be sent to Goering.

WAR INTO EUROPE: ATTACK IN DEPTH

By Hugh Slater. *Gollancz.* 5s. By the time these lines are published it may well be that Mr. Slater's strategical and tactical contentions about a British offensive on the continent will have become the subject of much more general discussion. In any case, his well-written book is a welcome one because it clears up much muddle about past campaigns and shows the fundamental necessities of success for future ones.

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FLOTSAM

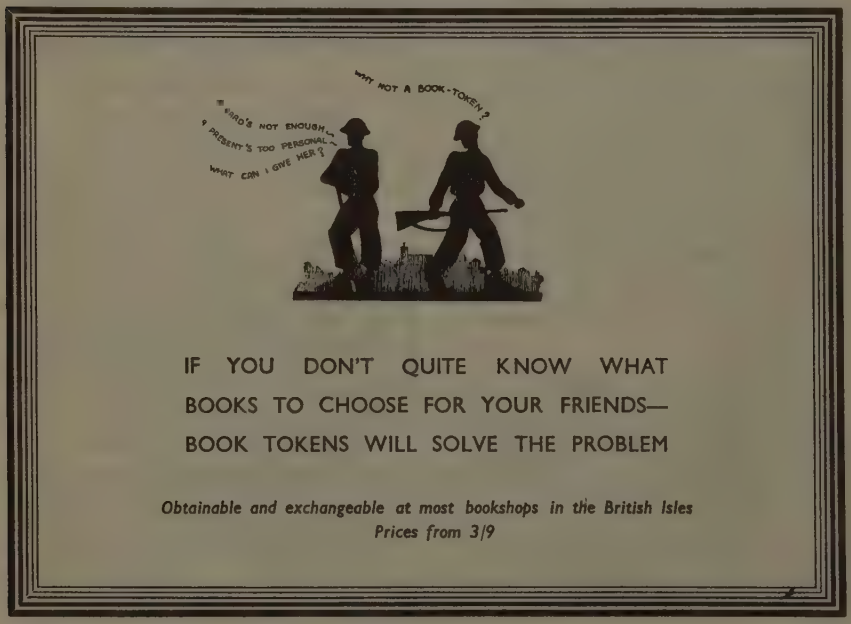
By Erich Maria Remarque. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d. After hundreds of war novels, Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* presented war in the raw, terrible yet tender, almost the first and last great novel of the years 1914–18—though *Sergeant Grischa* and *Schweik* were close runners-up. Now, after a spate of refugee novels, he has done it again. *Flotsam* is the story of the homeless, passportless wretches who are thrown from one country to the other. The love of a young couple, the self-sacrifice and revenge of a hunted man form the main plot but there are countless minor characters who are alive and movingly real. The style is spare, no 'great words' present the case of these every-day martyrs, yet Remarque has given us a true and shattering book, a worthy companion piece of *All Quiet* and *The Way Back.* The translation by Denver Lindley is fair though in places too literal.

ADVENTURES IN MONOCHROME

By James Laver. *Studio.* 12s. 6d. This is art at its most topical, a book to browse through for hours, sampling each illustration with careful scrutiny. James Laver has written a lucid, entertaining introduction, and as he is dealing almost exclusively with living black-and-white artists, his critical judgments were especially difficult to form. Yet he formed them with great decision and good taste. Chalk and pencil, pen and ink, brush and ink, pen and scraperboard, chalk and brush are the main headings of the illustrations which are reproduced beautifully.

DEMOCRACY MARCHES

By Julian Huxley. *Chatto and Windus.* 3s. 6d. In this wise and concise book Professor Huxley is presenting what may be called the war aims of a progressive scientist whose political views are strengthened and clarified by his background of science. The book was born of the broadcasts Professor Huxley made to North America. He analyses the effects of Britain's serious danger after the fall of France, and though heroism has yielded to grumbling in the British way, he maintains that the impressions and pledges of those black days cannot pass away without lasting consequences. Explaining the British brand of democracy, he deals in detail with our social services and sets out a practical yet indealistic plan for the new democratic society. A book which is better propaganda than any bragging, self-assertive statement of allied superiority in arms and men.



Without Malice

JEERS AND BRICKBATS for

the authorities who handled interned Fascists on the Isle of Man with kid gloves and apologetic homilies;

the madmen (nothing less) on both sides of the Atlantic who keep on announcing the whereabouts of British warships for no reason at all;

the hypocrites who try to extend D.O.R.A. to make the winter even bleaker by sending us to bed at 9 p.m. Even the Youth Centres are to be blighted;

the Board of Trade which is still issuing contradictory and unnecessarily complicated instructions for the ill-starred clothes rationing scheme;

the magistrate who fined a widow, living alone in a seven-roomed house, only £15 for refusing to take in evacuees; why not a few months' hard labour?

most government departments for still wasting terrific amounts of paper while denying it to vitally important private publications.

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Lord Beaverbrook for doing in tank production what he has done in planes;

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Hermann Goering loves American films and sits through them two or three times in his private cinema.

For many years in the British Army, King Haakon of Norway has held the rank of Colonel, King Christian of Denmark and Leopold of Belgium have been Colonels-in-chief, and Emperor Hirohito of Japan has been a Field-marshal!

Psychological talent tests have been for more than two years a standard feature in the British Army to prevent square pegs in round holes. Someone suggested the same tests for Generals—but it was too late.

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that America has five thousand secret weapons.

JUST HAVE A LOOK AT US, GO BACK AND TELL WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN

WORDS IN THE WIND

At that interview at Berchtesgaden, John Cudahy says Hitler looked pale, dyspeptic and tired, evidently suffering from nervous strain. It is some comfort to know that he isn't having any fun, either. HOWARD BRUBAKER

We refuse to be cajoled and divided by the deceitful manœuvres of propaganda, deliberately and avowedly relying on falsehood. No camouflage can hide the Crooked Cross from Christian eyes. CARDINAL HINSLEY

We have always recognised foreign geniuses, but we do not need them with the inexhaustible wealth of our own culture.

German home broadcast

P. T.

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

BOMBS AND BUSHIDO

No Blonde Dolls

THERE are few of the evils of Westernisms about which certain sections of opinion in this country have been more unanimous of late than the persistence with which they lay claim to the admiration of the Japanese people, the latest outburst in the crusade against this legacy of the past being a tirade in the *Miyako* by a Mr. Sukezo Hara against the hero worship of the West implied in the use of 'blonde mannequin dolls in store windows'.

The rising tide of nationalism has brought with it at various times in the past few years a spate of similarly petulant outbursts, in the large majority of which the protestant's chief objection has been not so much against the isolated practices cited in the instance as against the implication of a generic admiration for things Western. But while one does not doubt the patriotic motives actuating those who thus feelingly give vent to their indignation, the arguments proffered and the manner of their presentation are hardly calculated to convince the thinking public, for, in the heat of their quixotic revulsion those who would break a lance against the mill of 'Westernism' are blind to the sophisms involved in their stand.

Japanese Weekly Chronicle

'. . . and here's the new Curtiss-Wright propeller plant, slightly to the left of Mrs. Jogomatsu and the children'

THE NEW YORKER

Amusing the Japanese

THE drive of American labour amazes and amuses the Japanese editors. For instance, Mainichi says: 'Who would want to conquer the democracies? They won't work more than forty hours a week for anybody.'

People who work from sixty to one hundred hours a week and for $3 to $10 naturally find the forty-hour week and a spring drive of strikes a bit strange. Recalling that when the 'war emergency' came to Japan in 1937 strikes immediately declined, only increases their puzzlement at the funny ways of Americans. The *Japan Times and Advertiser* takes a more serious view: 'These disturbances disclose a great weakness at the core of economic life in America.'

Now Americans will not trade labour conditions with Japan. A strong case can be made for high wages as enhancing living standards, purchasing power and business activity. While there is unemployment much can be said for a short work-week. And the strong position of American labour should strengthen the Nation's economic and political life. Yet strikes in defence industries just don't make sense. It isn't necessary to look at them from 6,000 miles away to see that. But Tokyo's views may sharpen American determination to stop providing amusement for members of the Triple Axis.

Christian Science Monitor

The Emperor of the Heavenly Countenance

HIROHITO, as the Japanese do not call him because that is his name, is somewhat better than Japanese. He does not have the usual squat frame and tendency to bow legs. He has a horseman's balance and a swimmer's suppleness. When he swings across the beach or sprints up the bank to the garden it is quite evident that he is not suffering from an overloaded stomach or an overtaxed brain. He is a good animal. One would never dream this to see him rigid and unresponsive in his limousine as crowds look on. Then the mantle of divinity rests heavily upon him. At home he can forget his godhood.

His face is *vakimashita*, as the Japanese would say (literally, 'broiled'), by sun and weather. Slightly prominent white teeth, better than most in this land of over-refined rice, contrast with the dark complexion and short black moustache. Although he is commander-in-chief of the Army, his mouth is neither the hard thin line nor the tight purse of the Japanese military. His lips are rather full and sensitive. In some former incarnation they were antennæ, feeling their way. They were never a beak. When he is interested, they stand open, receptive and vulnerable; not sealed as are the lips of the hard-hitting and the self-made who bring him papers to sign. Nor is his head square and efficient. It is slightly longer than broad, the head of a recently adolescent poet or professor or artist. It could never be used as a battering ram to bring down the Great Wall of China. It is a head of gentle dreams and intellectual delights. Its air of detachment is accented by the thick-lensed glasses. The eyes behind them have been weakened, as most really studious Japanese eyes are, by the intolerable burden of mastering the Japanese written language. The shortsighted eyes are brown. The hair is black and rebellious.

The general appearance is that of a student, or of a gentleman with hobbies. He seeks to learn, not to dictate. Oracles speak in his name, but he is not an oracle. While he shows no evidence of being a great thinker, he has an enquiring mind which seeks out information regardless as to whether it is of direct use to the head of a state.

The books in his ample library range from Confucius to Spengler. Philosophy, economics and history are well represented. There are many books in English; the Emperor reads English easily but speaks it with difficulty. He has some choice illustrated volumes on the subject of his hobby, marine life.

His manual on world affairs is the *Asahi* (Morning Sun), Japan's greatest newspaper. The *Asahi* is thinner than the normal *Times* but contains more information; because a single ideograph may express the meaning of a whole English phrase. The paper has representatives in all great capitals and many small ones.

Black-suited lecturers with brief-cases full of wisdom came almost daily to the palace to address a class of one. Adult education has an advocate and example in the Emperor. He takes regular courses in economics, zoology, literature and art. He makes copious notes, and keeps a journal.

WILLARD PRICE

'No, thank you, sir,' she said—THE STRAITS BUDGET

Koda - Jap Version of New Order

In the Japanese mind *Koda* (the Imperial Way) and the New Order are very much the same thing. They are indeed equally newfangled, though most Japanese would probably declare with great emphasis that *Koda* had been the guiding principles of the Japanese since the beginning of time. Like *bushido* it belongs to a class of easily made-up words, and an example or two of its use might possibly be found in literature of a respectable age; but it will be sufficient for us to remark that in the late Captain Brinkley's Unabridged Japanese Dictionary may be found eleven varieties of *Koda*, but not one of them meaning anything like the Imperial Way. It came into use about the time of the seizure of Manchuria, General Araki being its great populariser. The New Order might be described as the half-way stage of a conquered country on its way to *Koda*.

Of the extreme unpleasantness of the process there has lately been an example in the city of Shaohing, in Chekiang. It is one of the peculiarities of the Japanese invasion of China that it leaves large gaps, probably through the impossibility of holding the nominally occupied territory all at once. Chekiang (the native province of General Chiang Kai-shek) is the coastal province immediately south of Kiangsu, where Shanghai is situated. Shaohing lies halfway along the coastal road between Hangchow

and Ningpo, the provincial capital. Hangchow has an important strategical relationship with Shanghai, so the Japanese paid it an early visit, one of their exploits there being to take many wounded soldiers out of a mission hospital and murder them. Ningpo also had a taste of their quality, but afterwards they left it alone for a very long time, and it remained an open port, though now and then it was complained that it was too useful to Free China. It was not till last April that Ningpo and Shaohing were formally occupied by Japanese troops.

Shaohing was entered on April 17th, without opposition from its inhabitants, who had no means of opposing the arms of Japan, and it was proclaimed by the invaders that they had come to save the city—though it had been getting on passably well in its unsaved condition. A Chinese writing in Shanghai five weeks later said that this salvation was the signal for looting, kidnapping and extortions, mostly carried out by the Japanese army's hirelings. A cordon of Japanese sentries prevented anybody from leaving the city. The first action of the invaders on entering the city was to seize all the banks, which, caught unawares, had not the time even to attempt to conceal their money.

At first there was a show of 'saving' the people. Chekiang is a rice province, but owing to the protracted war conditions rice had been extremely dear. The Japanese brought some from Hangchow, and sold it at lower rates than had been prevalent before. But having made this gesture, they took no more trouble. Their institution of a state of siege brought all normal commerce to an end, and when the rice brought by the Japanese was finished, there was nothing at all, and instead of merely high prices, famine conditions prevailed.

The invaders proceeded to the systematic destruction of houses belonging to 'anti-Japanese elements', converted schools into barracks, and arrested numbers of well-to-do citizens on various charges but for a single purpose—to extort money from them. Some of the city notables managed to slip through the cordon (the neglect which leads to breaches in the obsolete city walls is not wholly disadvantageous), but many were shot dead in the attempt by the watchful sentries of the enemy. Chinese ruffians of the lowest class are favourites of the Japanese army and receive its protection, and they make the kidnapping of substantial citizens a regular trade. When they are not available, the Japanese do it for themselves but less efficiently. That is the New Order and the Co-prosperity of those who accept it.

Far Eastern Service

THE NEW MIDDLE AGES

The Language of Goethe

SIR: Recently you ran an editorial—a most interesting and laudable piece about America as the last refuge of German civilisation. Oddly enough, a book I am now translating, by Heinrich Hauser, makes the same point; one of his friends in Germany said to him: 'I'm going to take the family to America, where you're allowed to be German; you're not allowed to be German here.'

But your editorial also moved me to send you the enclosure, which has been running in my head for a long time. We offer a haven for the best Germans and the best of German civilisation, but to one thing we cannot offer asylum, because it is doomed: the German language. In Germany it is dead. Anyone who has read *Mein Kampf* in German, and then read almost any of the German prose written in the last five or six years in Germany, will recognise that Hitler is a stylistic as well as political Fuehrer, or rather Verfuehrer.

It would almost be true to say that my greatest personal reason for hating Hitler is his destruction of a great language. And I venture to think that if you choose to circulate the enclosed little epitaph among the German-speaking writers here, many of them will subscribe to it willingly, if with heavy hearts.

Hier ruht
in ungeweihter Erde
die Sprache von Luther, Goethe
und Lessing
von Beethoven, Carl Schurz, Kant
und Robert Koch
von Gutenberg und Dürer und
Roentgen
erschlagen von einem österreichischen
Hilfsarbeiter
einem Ueberläufer, einen Berufslügner
und einigen Meuchelmördern
Dies Denkmal wurde ihr gesetzt
durch einen fremden Liebhaber in
fernem Lande
Gott geb ihr selig Auferstehn!

BARROWS MUSSEY

Letter in the Saturday Review of Literature

Undignified Football Fans

A REGRETTABLE recent incident necessitates our pointing out that all prisoners of war remain our enemies. Every intimate association with them is forbidden, also undue interest may not be shown in them. Belgian and French prisoners of war housed in a Kiel building recently played football in the yard. There is nothing against that, but it is regrettable that many German Volkgenossen ventured to line up outside the iron bars and loudly applauded every goal. Such behaviour, even if done thoughtlessly, is undignified, and must hurt every decent German's pride. Things like this may not be repeated! *Kieler Neueste Nachrichten*

How Labour is organised in the Skoda Works
CENTRAL EUROPEAN OBSERVER

Fifty Days Per Kiss

A THIRTY-TWO year old widow living at Kiel (late husband a soldier) visited friends in the country, where a French officer prisoner was working on their farm. She allowed him to kiss her three times in spite of the warnings of her host that such conduct is reprehensible and punishable. The weeping woman was sentenced to five months' imprisonment for her irresponsible levity. *Bodenseerundschau*

Charity—Nazi Version

A POLISH nun, Mother Superior of a night home, was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude for obtaining more meat and butter than required for the home. She gave away surpluses to Poles, nuns and occupants of the home for the aged. She also wrote a letter in Polish to her convent containing untrue statements about the Germans. *Ostdeutscher Beobachter*

Pig in the Poke

COMMENCING on 1st November, pigs weighing over 150 kilogrammes must not be slaughtered for the supplier's own use. Pigs exceeding this weight must be surrendered and a lighter pig will be given instead for slaughtering. *Vaderland*, Holland

Camouflaged Porker

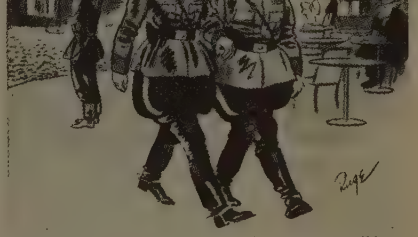
A CAR was stopped for licence inspection, and although converted to producer gas, was running on petrol; a slaughtered pig was discovered in the producer gas generator. Somewhat later the balloon gas-holder of another car was searched in vain for a pig, but eventually a 'child' travelling in the car turned out to be a pig, dressed up in child's clothes!

Telegraaf, Holland

Prophetic Words

When the 'Hun' is poor and down,
He's the humblest man in town,
But once he climbs and holds the rod,
He smites his fellow men—and God.

JACOB CATS
(Dutch poet, 1577–1660)



'I don't understand why they call it "Gay Paree"'
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Research à la Goebbels

TWO large volumes of 'source evidence'—used as the basis for Germany's propaganda campaign against England—have recently been published by the Reich's Ministry for Public Enlightenment and Propaganda. The volumes are being prepared for wide distribution both within Germany and in foreign countries.

But little has been known of the manner in which they were produced.

Actually, five thousand German research students did the job. Under the Nazi system it was only necessary for the 'student leader' to draw up a plan and distribute the assignments and the research students went to work. They combed sources of material covering the last five centuries which, in or out of context, could be used as the basis of the 'historical defamation of England'.

About 6,200 historical and literary books and documents were searched. British papers and magazines from 1900 to 1939 were examined closely. All publicity documents were used, including party documents and leaflets of the various English parties which were, of course, not concerned with making a good case for their opponents. Archives, public libraries, and private collections were mobilised. A total of 20,160 completed reports were gathered from this bee-like activity and collected in the Reich student headquarters in Munich, where they were once again carefully sorted and classified. Some of the reports were complete books, though most were pamphlet size.

Students of literature gathered the sayings of poets from Shakespeare to Byron, and from all foreign countries which might in context or out of context be used against England. Students of law searched for cases of injustice done a worker or a citizen by the 'arrogant lords and captains of industry' during England's rapid industrial expansion.

Dickens they found with his social protest an ardent advocate for the war of the Third Reich. Students of art gathered anti-British caricatures printed on the Continent for several hundred years. Students of mechanical sciences played up every instance of patent violation or robbery which occurred in England during a period when patent rules were not easy to enforce, and the morals of all countries were lax, because of the tremendous pace of invention and industrial expansion.

The material edited for the Propaganda Department by Dr. Wilhelm Ziegler is being particularly utilised within Germany in an effort to convince the German workers that the British Empire is 'anti-social'.

A regular service of pamphlets was given the speakers of the German Labour Front who have the task of indoctrinating the German worker. Through this channel every last worker in Germany can be reached and influenced against England. A special pamphlet was printed in an edition reaching 500,000 copies.

Other official organs of the Reich received a similar service. The Department for Social Welfare received material critical of social work in England. The Department of Health received material attempting to prove that the corresponding Department in England was, and had long been, undermining instead of improving the health of the English.

The German press has been drawing richly from this propaganda source. Also the radio constantly uses its material in German and foreign radiocasts. Some of the students who gathered the material radiocast it themselves. Young artists had the chance to practise their art in anti-English caricatures, some of which were printed.

Christian Science Monitor

Norway's Heroes

SMUGGLED out of Norway, a message brings us a new example of Nazi terror tactics. After an R.A.F. bomber raid on the aluminium plants at Hoyanger, four unexploded bombs were discovered by the Germans. Nazi authorities informed the local population that these bombs were extremely dangerous and would have to be removed. No German life would, however, be placed in jeopardy, the Nazi commandant said. He then sent to the prison for

Puppets!—MIAMI HERALD

ten Norwegian patriots who had been sentenced to death. Pointing to the unexploded bombs, the commandant told the prisoners to remove and destroy them. 'You are already under sentence of death,' he said, 'and you have not much to lose.'

These loyal Norwegians, rank amateurs in the field of explosives, accepted the challenge without hesitation, and successfully removed the bombs; whereupon they were brought back to prison. Two of the men who thus put the Nazis to shame were the well-known editors Christian S. Oftedal and Fritjof Lund, who, together with eight others, were sentenced to death on February 24, 1941, allegedly because they had given military information to the British. *This Week*

When Will Germany Starve?

In the totalitarian state food has ceased to be simply food as we all know it—a commodity of civilian origin and destination. It has acquired new and different aspects. It has become a complete chest of tools in the workshop of the modern tyrant. Even statistically food has been driven underground. Information on how much is harvested, imported, exported, lost or fed to the people is now a military secret, guarded almost as carefully as the blueprints of a new bomber. Hence, a survey of Europe's food situation cannot at the present time be nearly so accurate as one compiled before the war. The economist must patch together incomplete statistics and bits of circumstantial evidence drawn from a multitude of unconventional sources.

In this total war, every nation considers food and feed essential factors in their struggle for eventual victory, along with coal, oil, electric energy, fibres, minerals and metals. They know that thrift and foresight must be used in connection with them all. The German totalitarian state in particular, in preparing for war, made its food control a model system for all the phases of its rigid, thoroughgoing, centralised, planned economy.

During the Third Reich's six years of peace and eighteen months of war numberless legislative and administrative decrees have given effect to the new concept of food as an all-round political instrument. The concept is entirely harmonious, of course, with the philosophy underlying the totalitarian state. If man's destiny lies in the survival of the fittest group in perennial warfare, and if his virtues flower under the enforced discipline of military command rather than in a harmonious relaxation of self-respecting citizens, then obviously it becomes a postulate of statesmanship that food is a political and military instrument. Once this idea has been conceived, it is only a matter of time before the Lord's gift of bread turns into Mephisto's rod, coaxing or cajoling, crushing or breaking, in the hands of der Fuehrer, Il Duce, or El Caudillo.

KARL BRANDT in *Foreign Affairs*

THE FAITH OF THE EAGLE

The Hills of Human Spirit

Many minds must be employed in order to create that world. Many experts must be set to work. Many arguments must keep us awake far into the night. Yet no amount of expertising can really bring it forth. For that new world can be found only in the hills of the human spirit.

It can be found, that is to say, where the fathers of our Revolution found the courage to set up a little nation in the teeth of tyranny. It can be found where Abraham Lincoln found the courage to fight a bloody civil war for the preservation of the Union. And it can be found nowhere else.

We Americans are told that we are soft. Maybe so. But it is equally tenable that we are just as courageous as we ever were, and that our leaders have let us down. After all, the great dreams and the daring visions do not *originate* as the full-fledged expression of us, the people. Biologically and socially they must be born of a few creative minds and espoused by a few daring personalities. That is what leadership is for.

Yet our political leaders have certainly underrated our capacity *as individuals* to meet the truth face to face. Our educational leaders have certainly convinced our young men and women of the futility of our institutions and of our hopes. Our religious leaders have certainly failed to awaken in us a new faith in God. Our labour leaders have certainly failed to help labour to be more productive. And our industrialists have certainly failed to expand our economic horizons. Our leadership has not led us: it has *followed* us to the brink of destruction.

But this nation of ours is still a democracy. And in a democracy leadership is competitive. Out of the issues with which we are faced to-day there will arise a new leadership, as gigantic as our land

and as bold as our people. Let us hope that we may see these issues before, like China, we suffer defeat. Let us hope that we see them before, like England, we are swept from the beaches of Dunkirk. But see them we must—and shall. The spirit of humanity still lives with us—the spirit of mankind struggling to be free. *Fortune*

The Rockefeller Credo

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, jnr., in a broadcast listed the ten 'eternal and fundamental principles' by which 'my wife and I have tried to bring up our family.'

1. I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

2. I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty.

3. I believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.

4. I believe in the dignity of labour, whether with head or hand; that the world owes no man a living, but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

5. I believe that thrift is essential to well-ordered living, and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.

6. I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

7. I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character—not wealth or power or position—is of supreme worth.

8. I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind, and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

9. I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfilment, greatest happiness and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

10. I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might.

Safe for Democracy

'THE United States,' said Vice-President Wallace, 'now has her second opportunity to make the world safe for democracy'.

Which calls to mind an old anecdote.

Sam, a barber-shop porter, was a regular purchaser of sweepstakes tickets. After many disappointments, Lady Luck smiled one day, and he was informed he had won the $100,000 grand prize. With a whoop of joy, Sam gave up his job, collected his money and set out on a wild career of spending and general hilarity.

Six months later, a ragged, weary, hungry and battered Sam staggered into the barber shop and asked for his old job again. He got it, and devoted himself industriously to sweeping floors and shining shoes, but he couldn't resist an occasional gamble on a sweepstakes ticket. A year rolled around, and incredible news came: Lady Luck had favoured him again and Sam had won another $100,000 grand prize. But this time, there was no whoop of joy. Sam just flung down his shine rag and heaved a heavy sigh.

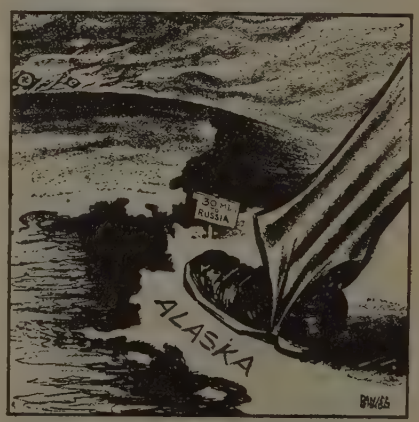
'Oh Lord,' he exclaimed; 'have I got to go through all *that* again?' *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Etdote

THERE are too many committees in this war: America first; Defend America, etc.

The tendency with so many differing ideas is to create antagonisms and under the circumstances all acrimony should be 'included out'.

Therefore, to remedy this situation, I suggest a committee to absorb all committees: 'The Enough Tools Delivered On Time Committee.'



'Our danger could be near at hand as England's'
ST. LOUIS STAR-TIMES

Mr. Churchill says that all he needs is the tools.

Mr. Roosevelt has declared our intention to furnish these tools.

As honorary members of this committee I nominate the President, Congress, Labour Leaders and Industrial Managers and caution them all to take, very seriously indeed, the 'honorary' portion of their membership.

As contributing members I nominate all those who are now living, or want to live, under democratic government.

The honorary members are all to have one idea—not profits, not wages, not political advantage, just the one purpose of making and delivering 'the tools' on time.

Letter to the
Christian Science Monitor

Chapter and Verse

Isolationist Arguments

1. *We are undemocratic and have no right therefore to fight in the name of democracy* (our own hands are unclean, our own house is in disorder, our own hearts are not without sin).

1. The Communist argument. Our social order is that of capitalism in its decadent form. Why fight for Wall Street? Why fight for rubber plantations in the Dutch East Indies? Why die for Dakar?

2. Our domestic order is scandalous and chaotic. Look at our treatment of:

(*a*) The Negroes (those very Senators who voted for the Lease-Lend Bill are those who voted against the anti-lynch law).

(*b*) the Jews (what Hitler does by law we do by custom);

(*c*) the immigrants (the melting-pot has never worked);

(*d*) the sharecroppers;

(*e*) the unemployed;

(*f*) the poor whites;

(*g*) the slum dwellers;

(*h*) the inhabitants of the dust bowl;

(*i*) the American Indians (Hitler has simply used the 'reservation system' for the Jews in Germany).

3. Our own history is full of undemocratic and imperialistic actions:

(*a*) the massacre of the American Indians;

(*b*) the exploitation of the Philippines;

(*c*) the Spanish and Mexican wars;

(*d*) the acquisition of Panama by a trumped-up revolutionary coup;

(*e*) the exploitation of the Hawaiian Islands;

(*f*) the burning and hanging of witches in old New England;

(*g*) the manhandling of conscientious objectors in the last war;

(*h*) the treatment of prisoners in the civil war.

1A. *England is not a true democracy and therefore has no right to conduct the war as a crusade against the enemies of democracy.*

1. Look at British imperialism:

(*a*) India;

(*b*) Africa;

(*c*) Palestine;

(*d*) the Opium War in China;

(*e*) the American Revolution and the War of 1812 ('they burned Washington').

2. Look at British Toryism (why fight for the fox-hunting Tories?);

(*a*) British class differences;

(*b*) the depressed areas;

(*c*) the London slums.

3. England is the archetype of capitalism.

4. England is the classic land of cant and hypocrisy, perfidious Albion.

Conclusion: Therefore England is incapable of making a just peace.

COMMENT: *From a social viewpoint England and the United States are still, of course, imperfect realisations of democratic ideals. But a Hitler victory, far from bringing the goals closer, would place them farther out of reach than ever. In fighting Hitler, we are fighting for that relative attainment of democracy which is ours now, and for that potential attainment of democracy which can be ours if Hitler is defeated and which could never be ours if Hitler wins.*

E. Y. HARTSHORNE
in the *Christian Science Monitor*

Those Irish Ports

THE insularity of the Irish under pressure of the war danger baffles most American observers. Their persistence in feuding between themselves suggests a terrible short-sightedness. It is as if New Hampshire and Vermont were to refuse to have any part in a war threatening the ports of New York and Boston, or as if San Franciscans gloated over the prospect of the bombing of Los Angeles. If 'absolute neutrality' did nothing for Belgium, Denmark and Norway but to bring them under the Nazi heel, what mysterious charm can it have for the Free Stater? *New Orleans Item*

FIGHTING BEAR

Moscow Laughs

But war isn't all grim in the U.S.S.R. It has its lighter moments and the satire-barbed cartoons, jokes and stories in the current issue of *Crocodile*, a Russian humour magazine, are all good for laughs. Practically every item in the magazine is a thrust at Hitler and the German army. There is a full-page cartoon of the captured German High Command marching at the head of its troops. The officers are hungry-looking, bedraggled and fearful. The caption reads: 'The German Army Enters the Ukraine.'

Another full-page cartoon shows Hitler and Mussolini in conference.

Hitler asks: 'How many soldiers do you have in the Italian army?'

Mussolini replies: 'Two million, but if you count the ones captured by the enemy there are four million.'

The most popular joke in the country at present is one that I have not seen in print, although from all accounts it is so old that it probably has travelled around the world several times. Undoubtedly there are many versions of it by now. The one told me to-day is as follows:

Hitler arrived at the French shore of the English Channel and became perturbed when he saw so much water separating him from Britain. He was told by his advisers that in Biblical times the Red Sea was smote with a stick and the waters parted. Hitler sent for a Rabbi to be advised how the act could be repeated. The Rabbi told him that all he needed was the same stick used to smite the waters of the Red Sea. Hitler asked where the stick was. The Rabbi said: 'In the British Museum in London.'

ERSKINE CALDWELL
in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Russian Proverbs

That which is taken in with the milk only goes out with the soul.

A mother's love will draw up from the depth of the sea.

The German is a good fellow, but it's better to hang him.

Even in hell the peasant will have to serve the landlord, for, while the latter is boiling in a cauldron, the former will have to stoke the fire under it.

Go before God with justice, before the judge with money.

'Ursus vs. Blitz'

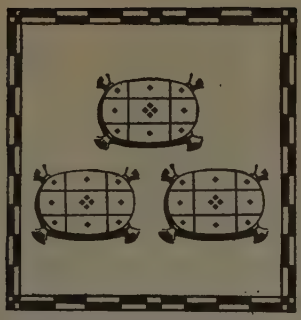
NORTH CHINA HERALD

It's a Long, Long Way

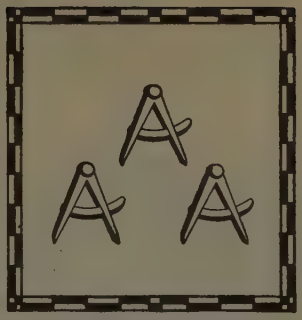
Only a total defeat of the Red Army and the virtual cessation of organised military resistance would make it possible for Germany, in any near future, to lay its hands on these remote industrial regions, which are thousands of miles away from Moscow. From the standpoint of geographical distribution of the industries which must turn out the flow of munitions for its armies, the Soviet Union's position is not unfavourable. But, while many centres of Soviet munitions production are immune from any immediate danger of German air bombing, there are a number of distinctly weak points in the Soviet industrial set-up.

The element of distance, which is an advantage in so far as it safeguards industrial plants against bombing, is a disadvantage inasmuch as it lengthens the time required for transportation of the munitions and supplies to the front. And this disadvantage is aggravated because of the chronically overstrained condition of the Soviet railways, even in time of peace. One of the most serious failures of economic planning in the Soviet Union was the inability to strike a proper correlated balance between the expansion of industry and the growth of transportation facilities.

Christian Science Monitor



BEDDING MAKERS



CABINET MAKERS

UPHOLSTERERS

WEAVERS

CRAFTSMEN ALL

The four signs shown above are based on the symbols which were used by the Trade Guilds. They form part of the series of gaily painted panels which decorate the front of Heal's shop in Tottenham Court Road. For five generations (1810-1941) Heal's have maintained high standards in everything they make: design that is apt, materials that are sound, work that is thorough.

HEAL'S

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD · LONDON W.1

WHISTLING IN THE DARK

'You got a nice act there, but I think you're just asking for trouble with the Musicians' Union'—GEORGE PRICE

Balalaikas for Raspberries

'THE German propaganda service then comes into action. A Russian-speaking Officer sends a huge shout over our loudspeaker, saying: "Your troops are defeated. We will treat you well and give you food and drink." After this has been going on for some time, the distant sound of balalaikas is heard, with the soft notes of Russian folk songs. The brutalised spirits of the Russian soldiers begin to be softened. . . .'

German broadcast in Spanish

Cloakroom Tickets for Machine Guns?

GERMANS are thorough people. They investigate everything. They even investigated the ladies' lavatory at the American Embassy in Berlin to make sure it wasn't a storage place for munitions.

Recently plans have been drawn for remodelling the Embassy. The plans included a ladies' retiring room which the blueprints described as 'powder room'. When the German contractor got the blueprints he made the literal German translation 'Pulverkammer'.

The contractor hurried a report of this dangerous plot to the Gestapo and the American Embassy was promptly investigated by the Gestapo on the suspicion that it was becoming a munitions warehouse.

PEARSON AND ALLEN,
American Columnists

Nazi Spelling

SURE, Hitler is for freedom of the seas. Only he spells it 's-e-i-z-e'.

Milwaukee Post

That's Different

MOZART was once asked by a young man for advice on the best way to write a symphony. Not wishing to be unkind or discouraging, the composer suggested tactfully, 'You are quite young. Why not begin with a simpler form—ballads?'

'But you composed symphonies when you were ten years old,' persisted the young man.

'Yes,' replied Mozart, 'but I didn't ask "how".'

On the Dole

THE cost of carrying Mussolini along is now quite evenly divided. Britain is feeding half his army and Germany is protecting the other half.

Omaha Morning World-Herald

'The Optimist'
SPANISH WAR POSTER

Philosophers and Poets have dreamed of "the return to nature", of the easy and innocent "garden state". This was their protest against the endless wearing complexities of modern existence.

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GENERAL CARPENTER,
101, Queen Victoria Street
London, E.C.4.

THE SALVATION ARMY

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CORRESPONDENCE CROSS-SECTION

In Defence of Dr. Buchman

HAVING for some time been a regular and appreciative reader of *World Review*, it was a great disappointment to read your paragraph on Dr. Buchman and the Oxford Group.

It had never occurred to me to doubt the integrity on which you base your own opinions and those of your contributors, and these have been both interesting and stimulating on many topical themes.

It was a shock, therefore, to find this paragraph had been written apparently without verification of the facts. I am not a member of the Oxford Group and speak as an observer. I have met and talked with several of its members and in no instance could any one of them be labelled 'hysterical'; in fact, the opposite is true. Dr. Buchman is not responsible for the name by which the movement is now known. Also, his remark, which you quote, can obviously neither be upheld nor condemned unless the full context is given.

This seems to be a most unworthy statement to have appeared in a paper professing to give honest criticism and fair play, based on absolute accuracy.

Is the matter not one which you might investigate without prejudice?

N. E. DAGLEY,
Wembley

National Planning

IN the last copy of the *World Review* you have published an article on National Planning. It may interest you to know that this body, the Demographic Survey and Plan, has been charged with the working out of the framework for a National Plan for Great Britain. It is actually the only body dealing with the planning side. Our work consists not only in this aspect of the problem, but in co-ordinating all other work going on in this connection.

I agree entirely with what has been said in your article on National Planning, especially with regard to the work which has been carried out in U.S.A. We need new men and a daring spirit for this work for they alone will break down existing barriers.

E. A. GUTKIND,
The 1940 Council, London, S.W.1

The Tory Mind

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY condemns the 'Tory mind' as responsible for our propaganda and its failure. Yet Marshal Pétain reluctantly acknowledges that it is responsible for much of the doubt the French people have about him and his government at Vichy. They, the people, wonder whether they are putting their faith in the wrong side! However, the 'Tory mind' does *not* control our propaganda and the danger is that we shall alarm foreign listeners by conveying a sense of irresponsible action, and of unwillingness to toy with Socialist experiments, that they will think of us as unduly conservative in our minds. Mr. Priestley wants us to have the impression that we care nothing for the past nor for our traditions. English patriotism is grounded in a pride of history and traditions, and liberty not 'equality' has been its keystone. 'Democracy' is a word they do not understand and which they suspect. We should proclaim that we fight for 'Liberty'.

V. RUSSELL,
London, N.W.1

Where to Find Cuffs

I HAVE in front of me the July number of *World Review*, and it is one sentence in your article 'Thinking Aloud' which makes me write to you. You say 'Shirts wear out at the cuffs. Even bachelors could replace the cuffs—if they could get others, even if these had to be white. These cuffs, however, cannot be procured anywhere in this metropolis. . . .' I recently offered to mend some shirts for a friend, and went to the nearest big store to my office to see if I could get shirt collar bands. I could, and flushed with success asked, 'I suppose you don't also have spare cuffs?' Well, believe it or not, but they had—boxes and boxes full of them in all sorts of sizes—double ones for day shirts and the single ones to be starched for evening shirts. But they only make them in white, and you must part with one coupon for each pair. My 'boy friend' was delighted with the result of my repair work, and couldn't resist letting his cuffs hang down a bit in the most ostentatious manner! (I got these only ten days ago.) So good luck to you. (Price 2s. 4½d. a pair.) N. G.,
Westminster, S.W.1

If you are not as fortunate as this *Anglepoise* owner

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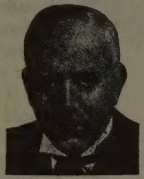

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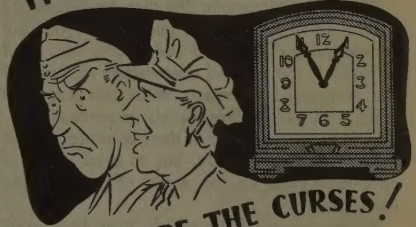

DO SPARE THE CURSES!

It's not the slightest good your blaming that poor shop assistant because you cannot get the 'Sectric' clock you want. Take a cheerful view . . . reflect that when victory comes you will be able to buy all the 'Sectric' clocks you need . . .

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

plug in to Greenwich time

What To Do About the Press

I SHOULD like to say I enjoy *World Review*, especially when it contains such articles as were written in the June issue. Miss Sayers' article 'How Free is the Press' was very interesting and very *necessary*. The obvious question is, what are we, who are interested in obtaining a different state of affairs with regard to the Press, going to do about the present, and what will certainly be the future state of affairs if something isn't done? It would seem that *most* 'big' advertisers want drowning for a start. Then I don't suppose we should get a newspaper at all. The whole subject of the Press badly needs ventilating, and perhaps the Government should appoint a select Committee after the war to go into the whole affair. Could a democratic government do that?

H. TURNER,
Arnold, Notts.

No Emotion

I WAS doubly glad to read the article in your August issue of *World Review* by E. M. Ramsden headed 'Painting and Sculpture'. Firstly, because discussions on art in wartime seem to be relegated to Limbo by most publishers, and secondly, quite personally, I am hoping you will find space to give my point of view with regard to certain parts of the article.

This is the paragraph: 'so that, by a perfectly natural process, lines and geometric forms are substituted for the bread and bottles . . . until at last only the essential constructive elements of the composition remain. With this stage we reach a climax of considerable importance' . . . Now I have seen many of these paintings that fit the description perfectly, but to think them of any importance to the world of art I simply cannot digest.

Those works of art which have been considered important by posterity generally show a respect for the medium used, and I feel that they all suggest or show emotion. Some use the paint reverently, some as pure virtuosity, others with vivaciousness, etc., etc. But they all *show* some aspect of emotion that is felt by the artist.

But these canvases that show *only* the element of composition—these squares within squares (and subtle variety), circle within square, do not show or suggest any emotion at all. *Just painted in crude flat pigments.*

What contribution to the sum total of artistic achievement have they given to the world of Art? Again in this paragraph . . . 'and it can only be said that compositions such as these approximate more closely to music and pure mathematics.'

Have these artists chosen the wrong medium? Surely musical ideas can only be expressed through the medium of music, and likewise mathematics through equations and formulæ. No one can achieve any canvas of worth by trying to paint music or paint mathematics—if they only approximate to these, as the writer says, then they are mediocre, for they are neither one nor the other. But they are certainly not pure paintings!

And finally, I am sure that three minutes is enough to absorb all there is to be absorbed in these canvases. So that the contemplation of a new joy or experience does not exist in them.

A. CASADIO,
Broxbourne, Herts

Universal Language

THE series of articles in the September number of *World Review*, edited by Dr. Edgar Stern-Rubarth, give in detail the future structure of Europe and the world. They merely omit the foundation upon which that structure must be built if it is to be anything more than a dream.

That foundation must be a universal language. Just what form that language should take is a matter for very wide consideration, but there is much to be said for *simplified* English on the ground that it is already so widely spoken. Every citizen would merely have to learn two languages, his mother tongue and the international, just as the Welsh do now.

The failure of the League of Nations is largely due to the absence of such a language, not only amongst the delegates, but chiefly to its entire absence amongst the mass of the people. As a classical example of the artificial folly of Babel, I remember a picture of Mr. Lloyd George, at the 1919 'Peace' Conference, listening to the translation of his speech into sound which his fellow-delegates could understand, with all the waste of time and risk of misconstruction involved.

The U.S.A. should teach us that only through the medium of a common language is Federation possible. In that country every one of the European languages is represented (I believe there are forty). Can a U.S.A. without a common language be even visualised?

F. H. TURNER,
Hinckley, Leics.

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